

young man

War with the Devil:
OR, THE
Young - Man's
CONFLICT
WITH THE
Powers of Darkness.

In a Dialogue.

Discovering the Corruption and Vanity of Youth; the horrible Nature of Sin, and deplorable Condition of Fallen Man. Also a Definition, Power, and Rule of *Conscience*, and the Nature of true Conversion.

To which is added,

An *Appendix*, containing a Dialogue between an old *Apostate*, and a young *Professor*. Worthy the Perusal of all, but chiefly intended for the Instruction of the Younger Sort.

The nineteenth Impression.

By B. Keach, Author of *Sion in Distress*, or the *Groans of the Protestant Church*.

Psal. 119. v. 9. *Wherewithal shall a Young Man cleanse his Way? By taking heed thereto according to thy Word.*

Licensed and Entered according to Order.

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To the Reader, in Vindication of this Book.

ONE or two Lines to thee I'll here commend,
This honest POEM briefly to defend
From Calumny, because that at this Day
All Poetry there's many do gainfay,
And very much condemn; as if the same
Did worthily deserve Reproach and Blame.
If any Book in Verse they chance t'espy,
Away prophane! they presently do cry.
But tho' this kind of Writing some dispraise,
Since Men so captious are in these our Days;
Yet I dare say, howe'er this Scruple rose,
Verse has exprest as Sacred Things as Prose:
Tho' some there be that Poetry abuse,
Must we not therefore the same Method use?
Yea, sure; for in my Conscience it is best,
And doth deserve more Honour than the rest;
For, 'tis no human Knowledge gain'd by Art,
But rather, 'tis inspir'd into the Heart
By Means Divine, for true Divinity
Hath with this Science great Affinity.
Tho' some thro' Ignorance do it oppose,
Many do it esteem far more than Prose;
And find also that unto them it brings
Content, and hath been the Delight of Kings.
David, altho' a King, yet was a Poet,
And Solomon also, the Scriptures show it.
Then what if for all this some should abase it?
I am apt to think the Angels do embrace it.
Tho' God doth give't here but in part to some,
Saints shall have it perfect in the World to come.

Comun shurman
B. B. B.

By



By a Friend, in Praise of these P O E M S.

MY Muse is dull; altho' I have a Will
 This Book for to commend, I want the Skill.
 I know not how its Worth for to declare,
 Few Poems doubtless may with it compare.
 The sluggish Soul it strives for to awake
 Before it drops into the fiery Lake,
 There's very few upon the Earth do live,
 But might from hence some Benefit receive.
 For tho' it is brought forth in this our Cline,
 Yet 'twill agree with every Place and Time.
 Its Message is of such a large Extent,
 It may in Truth to all the World be sent:
 To Male and Female, high and low Degree,
 He speaks a Word, to Bond as well as Free,
 All in whom Conscience dwells, he lets them see
 Conscience's great Power and Authority.
 When Heaven's hot Thunderbolt with Fire and Hail
 Made Egypt's Mighty Monarch's Courage fail,

A 2

Con-

Death

Conscience steps in, made him cry out again,
The Lord is just, I and my wicked Train
Have sinn'd ; Yea, Conscience also brings
Saul Son of *Kish*, the first of *Israel's* Kings,
Before the Prophet, humbly to confess,
That he had sinn'd and acted Wickedness.
Conscience made *David* to cry out again,
'Tis I have sinn'd, I have *Uriah* slain :
Although he slew a Lion and a Bear,
And did not the great Giant's Courage fear,
Yet Conscience made him stoop and tremble too.
Yea, more than this, you'll find Conscience can do.
Here's Counsel for Professors and Prophane,
Choose or refuse, here's Loss, and also Gain.
One Reason, Reader, of this Mode or Style,
Is, that it might with honest Craft beguile
Such curious Fancies, who had rather choose
To read Ten Lines in Verse, than One in Prose ;
For, as the nimble Fly, who lightly springs
Against the Flame, until she burns her Wings,
Is taken Captive with that sulph'rous Flame,
With which she only sought to sport and game ;
So, whilst these curious Fancies seem to play
With this small Piece, 'twill secretly betray
Them to their Conscience ; and if Conscience send
Them to God's Word, the Author has his End,
Provided that unto the same they yield,
And Grace and Conscience do obtain the Field.

Farewell.

W. B.

YOUTH

YOUTH in his unconverted State.

Youth.

THE *Naturalists* most aptly do compare
My Age unto the *Spring*, whose Beauty's rare
When sprightful *Sol* enters the Golden Sign,
Which is call'd *Aries*, his glorious Shrine,
And splendid Rays do cause the Earth to Spring,
And Trees to bud, and quicken every Thing,
All Plants, and Herbs, and Flowers; then do flourish;
The Grass doth sprout, the tender *Lambs* to nourish.
These things in Winter that seem to be dead,
Do now rise up and quickly shew their Head;
And do obtain a natural Resurrection,
By his own Beams, and powerful Reflection.
How in the pleasant fruitful Month of *May*,
Are *Meadows* clad with Flowers rich and gay,
And all Earth's Globe adorn'd in Garments green,
Mix'd with rare yellow, Crowned like a Queen?
The *Primrose*, *Coxslip*, and the *Violet*,
Are curiously with other Flowers set,
And chirping Birds with their melodious Sounds
Delight Man's Heart, whose Pleasures now abounds.
The *Winter's* past, with stormy Snow and Rain,
And long 'twill be e'er such Things come again.
Nothing but Joys and sweet Delights appear,
Whilst doth abide the *Spring-time* of the Year,
Thus 'tis with me, who am now in my Prime,
In Merriment and Joy I spend my Time;

And like as Birds do in the lovely Spring;
 I so rejoice with my Consorts and sing,
 And spend my Days in sweet Pastime and Mirth,
 And nought shall grieve or trouble me on Earth.
 I am resolved to search the World about,
 And I will suck the Sweetness of it out,
 No Stone I'll leave unturn'd, that I may find
 Content and Joy unto my troubled Mind,
 No Sorrow shall whilst I do live come near me,
 Nor shall the Preacher with his Fancies scare me,
 At *Cards* and *Dice*, and such brave Games I'll play,
 And like a Courtier deck myself most gay.
 With Perriwig and Muff, and such fine Things,
 With Sword and Belt, Goloshoes, and Gold Rings.
 Where Bulls and Bears they bait, and Cocks do fight,
 I do resort with Speed, there's my Delight;
 To drink and sport among the Jovial Crew,
 I do resolve whatever doth ensue.
 And *court Fair Ladies* that I also love,
 And of all things do very well approve,
 Which tend my sensual Part to satisfy,
 From whence comes all my choice Felicity.
 Whate'er mine Ears do hear, or Eyes behold,
 Or Heart desire, if so that all my Gold
 And Silver can for me those things procure,
 I'll spare no Cost, nor Pains, you may be sure.
 Thus is my Life made very sweet to me,
 Whilst others hurried are in Misery,
 Whose Minds with strange Conceits troubled remain.
 Thinking *By losing all, that Way to gain.*
 Such *Riddles* I can't learn, I must them leave,
 What's felt and seen I am resolv'd to have.
 Let every Man his Mind and Fancy fill,
 My Lusts I'll satisfy, and have my Will!

Who

The Young-Man's Evil Resolution. 7

Who dares controul me in my present Way,
Or vex my Mind, i'th' least, or me gainsay?
What State of Life can equal this of mine?
Youth's Gallantry-so bravely here doth shine.

Conscience.

Controul you, Sir? in truth, and that dare I,
For your Contempt of my Authority;
You tread on me without the least Regard,
As if I worthy were not to be heard.
You strive to stifle me, and therefore I
Am forced aloud, Murder, with Speed to cry,
I can't forbear, but must cry out again,
Such is the Wrong which from you I sustain.

Youth.

What are you, Sir, you dare to be so bold?
I scorn by any He to be controul'd.
E're I have done with you, I'll make you know,
You shall your Power and Commission show.

Conscience.

Be not so hot, and you shall know my Name,
And also learn from whence my Power came;
I'm no Usurper, yet I do command
You for to stop, and make a present Stand;
Your Pleasures you must leave, and vicious Life,
Else there will grow a very bitter Strife
'Tween you and I, as will appear anon,
If from these Courses you don't quickly turn.
For all your Courage which you seem to take,
The News I bring 's enough to make you quake.

Conscience Defined.

Mouth.

Whoe'er thou art, I'll make you by and by
 Confess you have accus'd me wrongfully.
 From Murder I am clear in Thought and Deed,
 Thus to be charg'd, causes my Heart to bleed.
 Pray let me crave your Name, if you are free,
 If you provoke me, worse 'twill quickly be ;
 You seek Occasion, and are quarrelsome,
 And therefore 'tis I do suppose you're come ;
 But if your Name you don't declare to me,
 -I am resolv'd to be reveng'd on thee.

Conscience.

What Violence (alas) can you do more,
 Than that which you have done to me before ?
 Forbear your Threats, be still and hold your Hand,
 And quickly you shall know and understand
 My Name, my Pow'r, and Place of Residence,
 Which may to you prove of great Consequence.
 I am a Servant to a mighty King,
 Who rules and reigns, and governs ev'ry Thing.
 Who keeps one Court above, and here below
 Another he doth keep, as you shall know.
 O'er this inferior Court placed am I,
 To act and do as his great Deputy.
 I truly judge according to my Light ;
 Yea, and impartially do each Man Right :
 Those I condemn who vile and guilty are,
 And justify the Holy and Sincere.
 I order'd am to watch continually
 O'er all your Actions with a wary Eye ;
 And I have found how you have of late time
 Committed many a bold and horrid Crime.

Of Murder, Treason, and like Villany,
Against the Crown and gracious Dignity
Of that great Prince from whence you have your
Who's *King* and *Ruler* over all the Earth. (Breath,
I am his Judge, Attorney-General,
And have Commission also, you to call
Unto the Bar, and make you to confess
Your horrid Crimes, and fearful Guiltiness:
A black Indictment I have drawn in Truth,
Against thyself, thou miserable *Youth*.
Thy Pride I shall abate, thy Pleasures mar,
And bring thee to confess with Tears at Bar.
Thy Sports and Games, and youthful Lust to be
Nought else but Sin, and cursed Vanity;
And for to put thee also out of doubt,
My Name is Conscience, which you bear about:
No other than th'accusing Faculty
Of that dear Soul, which in thy Breast doth lie:
I by that Rule Mens Thoughts and Ways compare,
By which their inward Parts enlightned are,
And as they do accord, or disagree,
I do accuse, or clear immediately:
According to your Light you do not live,
But violate that Rule which God doth give
To you to square your Life and Actions by,
From whence comes all your Wo and Misery.

Mouth.

Conscience art thou! why didst not speak e're now:
To mind what thou dost say, I can't tell how.
Thou melancholy Fancy fly from me,
My Pleasure I'll not leave in Spight of thee;
Other brave Guests you see to me are come,
And in my House for thee there is no Room.

Dost think I will be check'd by silly Thought,
 And into Snares by foolish Fancy brought?
 Is't you which cry out Murder, only you,
 A Fig (alas) for all that you can do.
 For tho' against me you do *prate* and *preach*,
 Your very Neck I am resolved to stretch.
 I'll *swear*, *carouse*, and *whore*, do what you will,
 Till I have stifled you and made you still.
 I'll clip your *Wings*, and make you see at length,
 I do know how to spoil you of your Strength.
 When you do speak I will not lend an Ear,
 I'll make in Truth as if I did not hear.
 If you speak loud when I am all alone,
 I will rise up and strait-way will be gone
 To the brave Boys who toss the Pot about,
 And that's the way to tire your Patience out.
 I'll go to *Plays* and *Games*, and *Dancings* too,
 And e'er a while I shall be rid of you.

Confesſion.

Thou stubborn foolish Youth, be not so rash,
 Lest e'er you be aware you feel my Lash,
 I have a Sting, a Whip, yea, I can bite,
 Before you shall o'ercome I'll stoutly fight,
 I'll gripe you fore, and make you howl anon,
 If you resolve in Sin still to go on.
 I've overcome strong Hearts and made 'em yield,
 And so shall you before I quit the Field.
 Go where you will, I'll presently come after,
 And into Sorrow will I turn your Laughter,
 'Twill prove hard Work for you to shake me off
 Though you at me do seem to jeer and scoff,

The Threats of Conscience.

11

As if o'er you I had no Jurisdiction,
Or was a Dream, a Fancy, or some Fiction:
For all your Wrath, I yet must you disturb,
Tho' you offended are, I can't but curb
And snub you daily, as I oft have done,
Till you repent, and from lewd Courses turn.
For till the Cause be taken quite away,
Th' Effect will follow, whate'er you do or say;
Unless your Light wholly extinguish'd be,
If Sin remains, Disturbance you will see.
Therefore I do beseech you soberly,
For to submit to my Authority.
Obey my Voice, I pray thee make a Trial,
Before you give another flat Denial.
If more sweet Comfort I don't yield to you,
Than all which doth from sinful Actions flow,
Then me reject; but otherwise, my Friend,
My Checks receive, and to my Motion bend.
Get Peace within, whatever thou dost do,
And let vain Pleasures and Corruptions go,
That will be better for thy Soul at last,
Than Gold or Silver, or what else thou hast.
And since we are alone, let you and I,
More mildly talk about Supremacy.
Is't best for you that Pride and Folly reign,
Which nothing bring but Sorrow, Shame, and Pain?
And Conscience to reject, who perfectly
From Guilt and Bondage strives to set you free?
Have not the Lusts by which you are now led,
Brought many a one to want a Piece of Bread?
What brave Estates have been consum'd thereby,
And now are forced in Barns on Straw to lie?

How has the Wife been ruined with the Child,
 Besides poor *Conscience* grievously turmoil'd;
 Nay, once again give Ear, I pray thee hark,
 Hath not many a brave and curious Spark
 Been brought in Stinking Prisons there to lie,
 For yielding to their Lust and Vanity?
 How many swing at *Tyburn* ev'ry Year,
 For stabbing *Conscience* without Care or Fear?
 And some out of their Wits do often run,
 And by that Means are utterly undone.
 Some Men so stifle me I cannot speak,
 And then they sport and play, and merry make,
 Resolving that I shall not gripe them more,
 But then afresh I quickly make them roar,
 Some of them I do drive into Despair,
 When in their Face I do begin to stare;
 No Rest, nor Peace at all their Souls can find,
 I so disturb them, and perplex their Mind.
 What say you now, *Young-Man*? Will you submit?
 Weigh well the Danger and the Benefit.
 The Danger on the one hand will be great,
 If me you do oppose and ill intreat.
 Sweet Profit comes you'll see on th' other hand,
 To such who subject are to my Command.
 What dost thou say? shall I embraced be?
 Or wilt thou follow still thy Villany?

Youth.

Was ever *Young-Man* thus perplex'd as I,
 Who flourish'd in sweet Prosperity?
 Where e'er I go *Conscience* dogs me about,
 No Quiet can I have in Doors or out.

Conscience,

Conscience, what is the Cause you make such Strife,
I can't enjoy the Comforts of my Life?
I am so grip'd and pinched in my Breast,
I know not where to go, nor where to rest.

Conscience.

'Cause you have wronged and offended me,
Loving vain Pleasures and Iniquity.
The Light you have you walk not up unto,
You know, 'tis Evil which you daily do.
My Witness I must bear continually,
For the Great GOD, whose Glorious Majesty
Did in thy Soul give me so large a Place,
As for to stop you in your sinful Race;
I must reprove, accuse, and you condemn,
Whilst you by Sin his Sovereignty contemn;
I can't betray my Trust, nor hold my Peace,
Till I am stabbed, fear'd, or Light doth cease.
Till you your Life amend, and Sins forsake,
I shall pursue you, though your Heart doth ache.

Mouth.

How bold and malapert is *Conscience* grown?
Tho' I upon this Fellow daily frown,
And his Advice reject, yet still doth he
Knock at my Door, as if he'd weary me:
Conscience, I'd have you know, in truth, that I
A Person am of some Authority;
Are you so saucy as to curb and chide
Such a brave Spark, who can't your Ways abide?
'Tis much below my Birth and Parentage,
And it agrees not with my present Age;
For to give place to you, or to regard
Those things from you I have so often heard.

Conscience.

14 *Conscience rebuketh the Mighty.*

Conscience.

Alas, proud Flesh, dost think thyself too high
To be subject to such a one as I ?
Thy Betters I continually gainsay,
If they my Motions don't with Care obey ;
My Power's great, and my Commission's large,
There's scarce a Man but I with Folly charge ;
The King and Peasant are alike to me,
I favour none of high or low Degree.
If they offend, I in their Faces fly,
Without Regard or Fear of Standers by.

Mouth.

Speak not another Word ; Don't you perceive,
There's scarce a Man or Woman will believe
What you do say, you're grown so out of date ?
Be silent then, and do not longer prate.
In the Country your Credit is but small,
There's few care for your Company at all,
The *Husband-man* the *Land-mark* can't remove,
But you straitway him bitterly reprove ;
Nor plow a little of his Neighbour's Land,
But you command him presently to stand.
There's not a Man can go i' th' least awry,
But out against him you do fiercely fly.
The People therefore now so weary are,
They've thrust you almost out of ev'ry Shire;
And in the City you so hated be,
There's very few that care a Rush for thee,
For if they should believe what you do say,
Their Pride and Bravery will soon decay.
Their *Swearing*, *Cursing*, and their *Drunkennesse*,
Would vanish quite away, or grow much less.

Our

Our Craft of *Profit*, and our *Pleasure* too,
 Would soon go down and ruined be by You.
 The *Whore* and *Band*, with the *Play-houses*, then
 Would be contemned by all Sorts of Men.
 You strive to spoil us of our sweet Delight,
 Our Pleasures you oppose with all your Might;
 The Fabrick of our Joy you would pull down,
 And make our Youth like to a Country Clown;
 We half *Fanaticks* should be made ('tis clear)
 If unto thee we once inclined were.
 But this among the rest doth chear my Heart,
 There's very few in *London* take thy Part;
 Here and there one which we do *Nick-names* give,
 Who hated are, and judg'd not fit to live.
 'Tis out of Fashion grown, we daily see,
 Conscience for to regard i'th' least Degree;
 He that can't whore and swear without Controul,
 We do account to be a timorous Fool;
 Therefore, though you so desperately do fall
 Upon poor me, yet I do hope I shall
 Get loose from you, and then I'll tear the Ground,
 And in all Joy and Pleasure will abound.

Conscience.

Ah! poor deceived Soul, dost thou not know,
 That most of all Mankind i'th' broad way go?
 What tho' they do most wickedly abuse me?
 Wilt thou also in the like manner use me?
 What tho' they will of me no Warning take,
 Till they drop down into the *Stygian Lake*;
 Wilt thou befriend the cursed Serpent so,
 As to go on till comes thy Overthrow?

16 *Conscience in these Days slighted.*

What though I am in no Request by them,
Don't they likewise God's holy Word contemn?
Don't they the Gospel cast quite out of Sight,
Left for their Pleasures it should them affright?
What tho' my Friends are toss'd about, and hurl'd,
Their inward Peace is more than all the World
Can give to them; or from them take away,
Whilst they with Diligence do me obey.
As I enlightned am by God's Precepts,
Which are a Guide and Lanthorn to my Steps.
O come, proud Heart, and longer don't contend,
But leave thy Lusts, and to my Scepter bend;
For I'll not leave thee, but with all my Power,
I'll follow thee unto thy dying Hour.

Youth.

Unto some private Place then I will fly;
Where I may hide myself; and secretly
There I'll enjoy myself in Spite of thee,
And thou shalt not i'th' least know where I be.

Conscience.

Nay, foolish Youth, how can that thing be done?
From *Conscience* it is in vain to run:
No secret Place can you find out or 'spy,
To hide yourself from me, such is mine Eye;
I see i'th' Dark as well as in the Light,
No Doors nor Walls can keep thee from my Sight;
Where-e'er thou art, or go'st, am I not there,
Thy Soul with horrid Guilt to scare and fear?
Could *Cain* and *Judas* get out of my Reach,
When once between us there was the like *Breach*?
Did I not follow them unto the End,
And make them know what 'twas for to offend

My

My Glorious Prince, and me his true Viceroy?
Vengeance doth follow those who us annoy.
My Counsel then, I pray thee, take with Speed,
For that's the Way alone for to be freed
From Vengeance here, and also Wrath to come,
When thou dost die, and at the Day of Doom:
Youth.

What can't I fly from thee, nor thee subdue?
Then I entreat thee Conscience, don't pursue,
Nor follow me so close; forbear a while;
Don't yet my Beauty, nor my Pleasures spoil;
This is the Spring and Flower of my Age,
Oh, pity me, and cease thy bitter Rage.
Don't crop the tender Bud, it is too green,
O let me have those Days, others have seen!
Thou hast forborn with some for a long time,
That which I ask of thee is but the Prime
Of those good Days which are bestow'd on me;
Oh! that it might but once obtained be.
'Tis Time enough for to adhere to thee,
After I've spent my Time in Gallantry.
In earthly Joys, and such transcendent Pleasure;
Young-men do reckon as their chiefest Treasure.

Conscience.

After all Violence, and Outrage great
Done to poor Conscience, you do him entreat,
Thinking for to prevail by Flattery,
But that, in truth, I utterly defy.
It is against my Nature, you must know,
Unto vile Lust, fond Pity for to show:
God hath not given such a Dispensation,
For me to wink at your Abomination:
If God but once doth blow your Candle out,
I shall be quiet then, you need not doubt;

But

But wo to you, as ever you was born,
 When God doth once his Light to Darkneſs turn.
 But whilſt your Soul retains a Legal Light,
 Your Sins I can't endure within my Sight,
 God, I am ſure, no Liberty will give
 To any One in horrid Sin to live;
 Nor will he give Allowance for a Day,
 'Tis very dangerous for to delay
 The Work of thy Repentance for an Hour;
 What thy Hands find to do, do with all Power.
 If me you don't believe, I pray thee, Youth,
 Go, and reſolve thyſelf, of ſacred Truth.

Youth.

Well, ſince that you no Comfort do afford,
 I will enquire of GOD's moſt Holy Word;
 So far I will your Counſel take, for I
 Am forely troubled; whither ſhall I fly?
 I will make Trial, I'm reſolv'd to ſee,
 Whether that Truth and Conſcience do agree.
 The Lip of Truth can't err, tho' Conſcience may,
 When that miſguided is, this goes aſtray.
 If Truth and Conſcience ſpeak the ſelf-ſame thing,
 It will Amazement to my Spirits bring.
 What now I aſk, and earneſtly do crave,
 Is ſome ſhort Time in Sin longer to have.
 Conſcience denies it me; Truth, what ſay you
 O that you would a little Favour ſhew
 To a poor Lad, alas! I am but young,
 Like to a Flower from the Earth new-ſprung,
 And as the Froſt the tender Bud doth ſpoil,
 So Conſcience ſtrove to ſerve me a great while:
 Muſt I reform, and all my Sins forſake?
 Some fitter Seafon, O! pray let me take;

For all things there's a Time under the Sun,
And when I older am, I will return.

Truth.

Nay, hold, vain Youth, you are mistaken now,
No Time to Sin God doth to thee allow :
If I may speak, attend, and you shall hear ;
I with poor Conscience must witness bear ;
I am his Guide, his Rule, 'tis by my Light
He acts and does, and saith the Thing that's right;
Art thou too young thy evil ways to leave ?
And yet, hast thou a precious Soul to save ?
Art thou too young to leave Iniquity,
When old enough in Hell for Sin to lie ?
Some fitter Season dost thou think to find ?
The Devil sure darts it into thy Mind.
No Time so fit as when the Lord doth call ;
Those who rebellious are, they one Day shall
Smart bitterly for their most horrid Evil,
In yielding to, and siding with the Devil :
But once again ; I prithee hark to me ;
Don't God, whilst thou art young, call unto thee,
Remember thy Creator ? Therefore fly
To him with Speed, and 'fore him prostrate lie,
And thy First Fruits unto th' Almighty give,
Of thy best Days, and learn betimes to live
Unto the Praise of his most Holy Name,
And not by Wickedness prophane the same.
This is, Young-man, also thy choosing time,
Whilst thou therefore dost flourish in thy Prime,
Place thou thy Heart upon the Lord above,
And with Christ Jesus also fall in Love.
Did not Jehovah give to thee thy Breath,
And also place thee here upon the Earth ;

And

And many precious Blessings gave to thee;
That thou to him alone should subject be?
GOD out of Bowels sent his precious Son,
Thy Soul from evil Ways with Speed to turn;
Who, for thy Sake was nailed to a Tree,
To free thy Soul from Hell and Misery:
And while in Sin, vile Wretch, thou dost remain,
Thou dost as 'twere him Crucify again.
Thy Sins, O Young-man, God doth also hate,
His Soul doth loath, and them abominate;
And wilt thou not, O Young man, be deterr'd
From evil ways? What is thy Heart so hard?
Will nothing influence it to repent,
Nor work Convictions in thee to relent?
Give Ear to Truth, Truth never spoke a Lye,
And fly from Sin, and youthful Vanity.
Those that do seek God's Kingdom first of all,
And do obey his sweet and gracious Call,
They shall find Christ, and lie within his Breast,
And reap the Comforts of Eternal Rest.
But if thou dost this golden Time neglect,
And all good Motions utterly reject,
And flight the Day of this thy Visitation,
That will to God be such a Provocation,
That he'll not wait upon thee any more,
Nor never knock hereafter at thy Door.
Whilst Terms of Peace he doth to thee afford,
Be subject to him, lest he draws his Sword.
If once to Anger him you do provoke,
He'll bruise and break your Bones with heavy Stroke.
Who can before his Indignation stand,
Or bear the Weight of his revengeful Hand?
How dar'st thou then a War with him maintain,
And say, o're thee Christ Jesus shall not Reign?

Wilt

Truth's First Sermon.

21

Wilt thou combine with his vile Enemy,
And yet presume on his sweet Clemency?
And wilt thou Traytor-like, contrive the Death
Of that great King from whom thou drawest Breath?
Wilt thou cast Dirt upon the Holy One,
And keep Christ Jesus from his rightful Throne?
Is't not his Right thy Conscience for to sway?
Ought he not there to Reign, and thou Obey?
Durst thou resist, and dread his sov'reign Pow'r?
Yea, or hold Parley with him for an Hour,
To gratify the Devil? who thereby
Renews his Strength; yea, and doth fortify
Himself in thee, and makes his Kingdom strong,
By tempting thee to Sin whilst thou art Young.
The Blackmoor sooner far may change his Skin,
Than thou canst leave and turn away from Sin.
When once a Habit and a Custom's taken,
Then sinful Ways are hard to be forsaken.
Ninner, Dare you Christ's Government oppose,
And with the Devil and Corruptions close?
Which will be best, dost think, for thee, i'th' end,
The Lord to please, and Satan to offend?
Or Satan for to please, and so thereby
Declare thyself Jehovah's Enemy?
For those who live in Sin, 'tis very clear,
They Enemies to God and Jesus are.
And wilt thou yield unto the Devil still,
By greedily accomplishing his Will?
Thinkest, vain Youth, he'll prove to thee a Friend,
That thou dost so his cursed Ways commend?
As Sin, with all its odious Excrement,
So sweet a Smell, yea, and so fragrant a Scent?
And dost thou value Christ, and all he hath,
For worth vain Pleasures here upon the Earth?

Is

roke.

Wilt

Is there more Good in sinful Vanity,
Than is in all the glorious Trinity?
That which Men think is best, that do they choose;
Things of small Value 'tis they do refuse.
What thinkest thou of Christ, thou sinful Soul,
That thou his Messengers dost thus controul?
And dost to him so turn a deafned Ear,
His Knocks, his Calls, and Wooings will not hear,
Nor him regard, tho' he stands at the Door,
With Myrrh and Frankincense, yea, and all store
Of Fruit and precious Spice; as Cinnamon,
Aloes, Spikenard, Camphire, and Saffron;
All costly Things, (O Soul) of Heaven above,
He has with him, yet nothing will thee move
To ope the Door for all his Calls and Knocks,
Thou letst him stand, until his precious Locks
Are wet with Dew, and Drops of the long Night,
Thus dost thou him despise, reject, and slight;
And rather keep thy Lust and Pleasure still,
Than Jesus should thy Soul with Heaven fill.
Who makes gray-headed Winter like a Spring,
And Young-men like celestial Angels sing,
The Soul he doth so greatly elevate,
That it disdains, and doth abominate
All sensual Pleasures, in Comparison
Of Jesus Christ, his dear and only One:
Let me persuade you for to taste and try
How good Christ is, and then assuredly
You will admire him, yea, and praise the Lord,
That ever he did to thy Soul afford
Such a dear Saviour, and such good Advice,
To lead thy Soul into sweet Paradise:
For none do know the Nature of that Place,
That inward Joy the which shall never cease,

Truth's First Sermon:

23

But he himself, who doth the same possess,
O taste and see, and own the Happiness.
Christ here's the Chiefest Good, its only he
In whom alone is true Felicity!
Such is the Nature of Man's panting Breast,
Nothing on Earth can give him perfect Rest;
'Tis not in Honour, that is Vanity:
For such like Beasts, and other Mortals die.
Kingdoms and Crowns they tottering do stand,
The Servant may his Master soon command.



Belshazzar, who upon the Throne did sit,
His Knees against each other soon did hit:
Surrounded by his Officers of State,
His sceptred Arm could scarce endure its Weight:
How was he scar'd when the Hand-writing came
And wrote upon the Wall, even the same
That afterwards befel, his End being come,
Receiv'd his fatal Stroke which was his Doom.

Great

Y. M. L.

Great Men are often filled with great Fear,
Being perplext they know not how to steer.
High Cedars fall, when little Shrubs abide,
Tho' Winds do blow, and strongly turn the Tide.
For Man in Honour lives but a short Space,
And like a Beast he dies, and ends his Race.
Where's *Nimrod* now, that mighty Man of old,
And where's the Glory of the Head of Gold?
In highest Place of human Government,
None ever found therein a true Content.
Of *Alexander* 'tis declar'd by some,
How he sat down when he had overcome
The Eastern World; and did weep very sore
Because there was no Worlds to conquer more.
And to this very Day we find it still,
The World's not big enough Man's Soul to fill.
Riches and Wealth also can't satisfy
That precious Soul which in thy Breast doth lie.
If store of Gold and Silver thou should'st gain,
'Twould but increase thy Sorrow, Grief and Pain.
Riches, O Young-man, they are empty Things,
And swiftly fly away with Eagle's Wings,
When Riches you do heap, you heap up Sorrow:
They're thine to Day, alas! but gone to Morrow.
Fires may come, and all thy Treasures burn;
Or Thieves may steal it, as they oft have done.
He that hath Thousands by the Year this Night,
May be as poor as *Job* by Morning Light.
And as for Pleasure, which thine Age doth prize,
Why should that seem so lovely in thine Eyes?
'Tis but a Moment they with thee will last,
And Sadness surely comes when they are past,
The Brute his Pleasures hath as well as thee,
Man's chiefest Good, surely can't Pleasure be.

And

And whilst thou striv'st thy evil Lusts to please,
 Thy raging Conscience then who shall appease?
 With this sweet Meat, I tell thee also, Friend,
 Thou sour Sauce shalt have before the End.
 And as for Beauty, that also is vain,
 Unless you can the inward Beauty gain:
 What's outward Beauty, but an evil Spare
 By which vain Ones often deceived are;
 And on a sudden drawn into Temptation,
 And do commit most vile Abomination?
 That Beauty which the carnal Man doth prize,
 Renders not lovely in Jehovah's Eyes.
 Tho' deckt with Jewels, Rings, and brave Attire,
 The glorious King their Beauty don't admire.
 His Heart's not taken with't; but otherwise,
 The Beauty of vain Ones he doth despise,
 Tho' very fair; but if defil'd with Sin,
 They like unto Sepulchres are within;
 Loathsome and vile i'th' Sight of God are they,
 And soon their seeming Beauty will decay;
 It fades and withers, and away doth pass,
 Just like unto the Flower of the Grass.
 The curled Locks, yea, and the spotted Face,
 God e'er a while will bring into Disgrace:
 Death and the Grave will spoil their Beauty quite,
 And none in them shall ever more delight.
 As for thy Age, in Youthful Days we see
 Youth nothing minds but cursed Vanity.
 Soon also may the Spring meet with a Blast,
 And all thy Glory not one Moment last.
 The Flower in the Spring which is so gay,
 Soon doth it fade, and wither quite away.
 Nothing on Earth canst thou find out, or spy,
 That will content thee long, or satisfy

That Soul of thine, if still thou search about,
 Till thou dost find the rarest Science out :
 For, if on Learning you do place your Mind,
 Much Vanity in that you'll also find :
 For human Knowledge, and Philosophy
 Can't bring thy Soul into sweet Unity
 With God above, and Jesus Christ his Son,
 In whom, O Youth, is Happiness alone.
 Dote not on Honour then, nor worldly Treasure,
 Nor Beauty, Learning, Youth, or other Pleasure ;
 All is but Vanity that's here below,
 Truth and Experience both the same do show.
 Come look to Heav'n, seek thou for higher Joys,
 Let Swine take Husks, and Fools all empty Toys.
 Come then and taste of Christ's celestial Springs,
 To which all outward Joys are trifling Things.
 If Heaven's Sweetness thou but once hadst caught,
 Thou'lt freely own Earth's best Enjoyments naught.
 Honour and Riches too, Christ has great Store,
 And at's Right-Hand are Pleasures evermore.
 Thinkest that he who makes Man's Life so sweet,
 Whilst he with many Troubles here doth meet,
 And in Believing hath such Sweetness tasted,
 Though his own Image greatly is defaced,
 Can't give to him much greater Consolation,
 When all the Sour's vanish'd of Temptation ?
 If with the Bitter, Saints such Sweetness gain,
 What shall they do when they in Glory reign ?

Youth.

Be silent, *Truth*, leave off, for I can't bear
 Your whining Strains ; nor will I longer hear
 Such melancholy Whimsies ; they're such Stuff
 Which suits not with my Age : I have enough

Of it already, and also of you,
Since you my Int'rest strive to overthrow.
When I appeal'd to you, I was perplex'd,
And with sad Melancholy sorely vex'd;
But since I do perceive the Storm is o'er,
You I don't think to trouble any more.
No Liberty to me I see you'll give,
In sweet Delight and Pleasure for to live.
I don't intend Fanatick yet to turn,
Nor after such distracted People run.
An easy Way to Heaven I do know,
And therefore, Sir, farewell; farewell to you.
My Pride, my Sports, and my old Company
I will enjoy; and all my Bravery
I will hold fast; yea wantonly fulfill
My fleshly Mind, say Preachers what they will.

Conscience.

Ah, Youth! ah, Youth! Is't so in very deed?
Wilt thou no more unto God's Truth give heed?
Twas but my Mouth to stop, I now do find,
That unto Truth you seemingly inclin'd:
But this, O Soul, I must assure to thee,
What thou hast heard, has much enlightned me;
And my Commission too it doth renew,
As must appear by what does next ensue.
Have you from God been called thus upon,
And shall your Heart be hardned like a Stone?
You can't plead Ignorance, O Youth; 'tis so;
You've very plainly heard what you should do.
Your Sins will be of grievous Aggravation,
If you don't quickly make a Recantation.
Your Sins will be of a deep scarlet Dye,
And many Stripes prepared, I espy,

28 *Truth is Conscience's Informer.*

With which you must be beat, because that you
Your Master's Will so perfectly do know ;
But for to do the same, you do refuse,
And your poor Conscience wickedly abuse.
You'll shew yourself a cursed Rebel now,
If unto Christ with Speed you do not bow.
Wilt thou thy Sins retain, when thou dost hear
How much against the Living God they are ?
Wilt thou cast Dirt into his blessed Face ?
O tremble, Soul, and dread thy present Case !

Youth.

Now my good Days I see they will be gone ;
My inward Thoughts will ne'er let me alone.
Ah that I could but sin without Controul,
And Conscience never more disturb my Soul !
His bitter Gripes much longer I can't bear ;
He's grown so resolute, no Hope is there,
But he'll prevail ; such Conflicts I do feel,
My Courage now, and Resolutions reel.
However I'm resolv'd once more to try,
And struggle hard to get the Mastery ;
I cowardly will not acquit the Field,
Nor at the second Summons will I yield :
I'll make once more another stout Essay,
E'er unto Conscience I will yield the Day.
Ah, how can I my sweet Delights forsake,
Without Resistance to the last I make ?

Conscience, although I sinful am, I see
There's many Thousands worser far than me ;
No one can live, and from all Sin be clear,
That I from Truth did very lately hear.
My Heart is good, tho' it is true, that I
Am overcome thro' human Frailty.

Conscience.

O Reprobate, durst thou thy Heart commend?
Come, tremble, Soul, and it to pieces rend.
Don't I most clearly in thy Heart behold
Such horrid Lust, 'twould shame thee were it told?
Vipers breed there, and many Cockatrice,
The Spawn of ev'ry Sin, and evil Vice.
Like a Sepulchre foul thou art within,
Nothing is there but putrifying Sin:
Out from thy Heart all Evil doth ascend,
And yet wilt thou thy filthy Heart commend?



And dost thou think thy State so good to be:
Cause you do find many as bad as thee?
You are so bad, if you from Sin don't turn,
You must for Sin in Hell for ever burn.
With haughty *Dives*, and such Wretches lie
In endless Flames to all Eternity.

30 *Man's woful State by Nature.*

Youth.

Well, say no more ; if this be so, I must
Go unto Truth again, or I shall burst,
My Heart will break, I clearly do discern,
I therefore now must yield, and also learn
What is my State by Nature, that I'd know,
Come, Truth, I pray, will you this Favour show,
As to explain to me this thing most clear,
For Conscience doth my Soul with Horror scare ?
Is he upright, O Truth, or is he wrong ?
I find Convictions in me very strong.
What is my State ? Declare it unto me,
And set my troubled Soul at Liberty.

Truth.

What Conscience speaks, O Young-man, is most
And vain it is longer with him to fight ; (right,
Those he condemns by Light receiv'd from me,
Almighty God condemn eternally :
And God is greater than thy Heart, O Soul,
Who can enough thy grievous State condole ?
If Conscience does its Testimony give,
That you in Sin, and cursed Ways do live,
And that thou art an unconverted Wretch ;
If 'tis from hence between you there's a Breach :
If this be so, as you it can't deny,
What would you do, if you this Night should die ?
If in this State you would this Life depart,
Undone for evermore, Young-man, thou art !
As sure as is the mighty God in Heaven,
Against thy Soul, the Sentence will be given ;
Conscience from God his Power did receive,
And if you don't obey, and him believe,
And do reject his Motions, 'tis all one,
As if Christ Jesus you did tread upon :

While

Edmund Shurman

The woful State of Man by Nature. 31

Whilst he doth rule by Laws that are divine,
 'Tis Treason him to stop, or undermine.
 And once again ; to shew thee thy Estate,
 You being, Young man, not Regenerate,
 No God, nor Christ have you ; 'tis even so ;
 And this indeed's the Sum of all thy Wo.
 God since the Fall became thine Enemy ;
 His angry Face is set most dreadfully
 Against thy Soul ; and that's a fearful thing,
 Enough thy Pride with Vengeance down to bring.
 Each Attribute against thy Soul is set,
 And all of them also together met
 To make you ev'ry Way most miserable,
 Which Wrath for to resist, what Man is able ?
 He'll suddenly thy Soul to pieces tear,
 And his Eternal Vengeance make thee bear :
 His Wrath it will upon thy Soul remain,
 Till you by Faith are truly born again.

Youth.

This Doctrine which to me you do declare,
 It is enough to make a Man despair,
 And, *Spira* like, fear hard his flinty Breast,



Till the poor Soul has lost Eternal Rest :
 O *Spira* ! *Spira* ! is my Case like thine ?
 Forbid it, ye immortal Powers Divine !

For if 'tis so, I grant I am undone ;
 But God is gracious, and has sent his Son :
 He's full of Bowels ; therefore hope do I
 He'll not on me his Justice magnify.
 He dy'd for all Mankind, and therefore He
 Surely won't act with such Severity,
 As to condemn unto eternal Flame
 Mankind, for whose Salvation here he came.
 Thro' Nature's Weakness we're misled to sin,
 By trivial Faults, when there's no Guilt within :
 Which God, who is all merciful and mild,
 O'erlooks as Parents do their only Child ;
 And so I trust he'll gracious be to me,
 In overlooking my Iniquity.

Truth.

It's true, God's gracious, yet he will not clear
 Those guilty Souls who don't his Justice fear.
 He's very Gracious, yet is full of Ire ;
 And is to such like a consuming Fire.
 And tho' you please yourself with Hopes that He
 Will veil his Eyes from thy Iniquity,
 God is more pure, and of diviner Flame,
 To see Man sin, and not consume the same.
 Not the least Evil shall escape his Eye,
 Justice must punish with Severity :
 Fruitless and Vain, poor Youth, 's thy woful state,
 Since little Sins are punish'd as the Great.
 He sent his Son, 'tis true, for Souls to die,
 But many miss, and falsely do apply
 His precious Blood ; therefore my Counsel take,
 Don't you too soon an Application make
 Of God's sweet Grace, nor our Redeemer's Blood,
 Until by you the Gospel's understood.

Those

Those who are whole, need no Physician have;
The sick and wounded Soul Christ came to save;
What dost thou judge thy present State to be?
How does it stand, and is it now with thee?

Youth.

I am a Sinner, and my Heart doth bleed,
My sin-sick Soul doth a sweet Saviour need;
My Conscience tells me that I am most Vile
And grievously for sin doth me turmoil.

Truth.

No Saviour you can have, unless you do
Resolve to leave your Sins, and let them go;
Nor for your Wounds can there be any Cure,
'Till th' Causes are remov'd, which do procure
And bring on you that Pain and bitter Smart,
Which you cry out has seiz'd upon your Heart.

Youth.

My trembling Soul's amaz'd, and fill'd with Fear,
Another Way, O Truth, my Course I'll steer:
For Ruin doth attend the Way I'm in,
Whilst I do keep and hug my cursed sin:
There's scarce a Night which passes o'er my Head,
But I dread much the making of my Bed,
'Fore Morning comes, in the sad Depths of Hell,
My Conscience therefore now doth me compel
To bid Adieu to all sweet Joy and Pleasure.
To Lies and Fraud, and all unlawful Treasure:
In Sport and Games I'll take no more Delight,
But otherwise, I'll pray both Day and Night.
Conscience has overcome me with his Gripes,
Truth follows him so with his threat'ning Stripes.

The Wall's broke down, the Old Man's run away,
And Conscience follows close to cut and slay ;



He threatens too he will no Quarter give,
And ev'ry thing before him seems to drive.
Lust forced is in Corners for to fly,
Where it doth hide itself most secretly ;
And watches also, thinking for to get
An Opportunity, once more to set
And fall on Conscience which it doth disdain,
'Cause Conscience says, Corruptions must be slain.
I side with him, because I would have Peace,
But still 'tis doubtful when these Wars will cease.

Devil.

What Pity 'tis thy Sun should set so soon ?
Or should be clouded thus before 'tis Noon ?
Shall Winter come before the Spring is past,
And all its Fruits be spoil'd with one sad Blast ?
Shall that brave Flower, which doth seem so gay,
So quickly Fade, and wither quite away ?

What

Edmund Shurman
li. 100.

What Pity is't, that one so Young as thee,
 Should'st thus be brought into Captivity?
 Hark not to Conscience; for I dare maintain
 'Tis better for to hug thy Sins again.
 Consider well, advise, and thou shalt see
 My Ways are best; come hearken unto me:
 I'll give thee Honour, Pleasure, Wealth, and things
 Which prized are by Noblemen and Kings.
 Let not this Make-Bait with an angry Frown
 Throw all thy Glory and thy Pleasures down.
 Let not sad Thoughts distress thy troubled Mind;
 What Satisfaction can you have, or find,
 But that which floweth from this World alone?
 'Tis I must raise thee to a sublime Throne.
 The Hell thou fearest may be but a Story,
 And Heaven also but a feigned Glory.
 If this don't startle thee, then speedily
 I will stir up some other Enemy.
 Old-man, rouse up, I charge you to awake,
 And swiftly too, your Life and all's at stake:
 And Mistress Heart, stir up your wilful Will;
 Is this a Season for him to sit still?
 If unto Truth and Conscience he gives Place,
 Our Int'rest will, you see, go down apace.
 Judgment is gone already, and doth yield;
 And Courage too, I fear, will quit the Field.
 Some Sins are slain, and in their Blood do lie,
 And others into Holds are forc'd to fly.
 As for Affection, he doth hold his own,
 Tho' Conscience doth upon him sadly frown.
 Remembrance will unto him trait'rous prove;
 If I his Thoughts from Sermons can't remove,
 I'll make his Mind run after things below,
 And raise up Trouble which he did not know;

B 6

And

Edmund Spenser
 his Book

And will forget what lately he did hear,
 And then will cease his former Dread and Fear.
 If I can please his sensual Appetite,
 There is no Danger of a sudden Flight.
 His Breast is tender, apt to entertain
 The Sparks of Lust, which long he can't restrain;
 I'll blow them up, and kindle them anew,
 Then to Conviction soon he'll bid adieu.
 New Objects I'll present unto his Sight,
 In which, I'm sure he can't but take Delight,
 I have such hold of him, there is no Doubt,
 But I once more can turn him quite about.
 His old Companions also I'll provoke
 At's Door again to give another Stroke,
 Their strong Enticements hardly he'll withstand,
 They can, you see, his Spirit soon command.

Youth's old Companions.

How do you do, Sir? What is the Reason we
 Can't, here of late, enjoy your Company?
 It seems to us as if you were grown strange,
 As if in Youth there were some sudden Change,

Youth.

I have not had the Opportunity;
 Besides, on me there doth a Burden lie,
 Which doth depress my Spirits like a Load,
 So that I very seldom go abroad.

Companions.

I warn't you, Sirs, 'tis Sin afflicts his Soul,
 And he is just now going to turn Fool.
 Come, come away; to Age such Grief belongs,
 Brave Mirth to Youth, and fine melodious Songs;
 Come drive away these Thoughts with Pipe and Pot,
 Sing and carouze till they are quite forgot.

The

The lovely Strains of the well-tuned Lute,
Where Plays are acted, with my Nature suit;
Come, go with us upon a brave Design,
Which soon will chear that drooping Heart of thine.



Come, gen'rous Soul, let thy ambitious Eye
Such foolish Fancies, and vain Dreams defy.
Shall thy heroick Spirit thus give Place
To silly Dotage, to thy great Disgrace?

Ulcinus.

The Young-man yields, being possesst with Fears,
Or they'd reproach him else with Scoffs and Jeers.
Till Conscience wakes, and stings in bitter sort,
Putting a Period to his jovial sport.
The Thoughts of Death, which Sicknes does presage
Doth trouble him, he cannot bear the Rage
Nor inward Gripes of his enlightned Breast;
And therefore now again he thinks it best
To hark to Conscience, whom he did refuse,
And grievously did many times abuse.

Conscience.

Go mourn thou Wretch, for sad is thy Condition;
 Pour forth amain the Water of Contrition;
 Wilt thou appear to Men, Godly to be,
 When all is nothing but Hypocrisy?
 Wilt thou to Truth so often lend an Ear,
 And yet to Satan also thus adhere?
 You had as good have kept your former Station,
 As thus to yield afresh unto Temptation:
 Go unto Truth, if God give Space and Room,
 Before I do pronounce your final Doom.

Truth.

Come, come Young-man, don't thy Convictions
 But cherish them, and timely also choose (lose,
 The One Thing needful, which alone is Good,
 That God may wash thy Soul in Christ his Blood.
 Thy Soul is precious, and of greater Worth
 Than all things else that are upon the Earth,
 For were it possible the World to gain,
 And could you all its Pleasures here obtain;
 And in Exchange your Soul should lose thereby,
 What would your Profit be, when you must die?
 When once thy Soul is lost, thou lovest all;
 Oh! that will be a very dismal Fall.
 Dost thou not know what I of Hell declare,
 What hideous Howlings of the Damned's there?
 How canst thou with devouring Fire dwell,
 Or lie with Devils in the lowest Hell?
 Those who do in their nat'ral State remain,
 Must live for ever in that restless Pain.
 All Fornicators, Drunkards, and the Lyar,
 Must have their Portion in the Lake of Fire,
 With Thieves, Revilers, and Extortioners,
 And such who are most vile Idolaters:

The Proud, the Swearer, and the Covetous;
 God doth pronounce on them the self-same Curse.
 And those who live in vile Hypocrisy,
 Or do backslide unto Apostasy;
 Let such unto my present Words give Heed;
 Their Pain and Torment shall all Mens exceed.
 What wilt thou do, or whither can'st thou fly?
 Where can'st thou hide from the great Majesty,
 Who tries the Reins and searches every Heart?
 Since Conscience says that thou most guilty art.
 Condemned Soul, thou know'st that this is so.
 And this moreover, I will plainly show,
 Will come to pass as sure as God's above,
 If from all Sin with Speed you don't remove:
 So sure as you do live, when you do die,
 To Hell you go, to all Eternity.
 Except Repentance in your Soul be wrought,
 With Vengeance thither you'll at last be brought:
 In *Tophet*, that's exceeding large and deep,
 With damned Wretches you must always keep.
 O call to Mind what Conscience doth this Day
 Charge you withal, before you're swept away,
 Lest you from him do hear no more at all,
 Till you into those scorching Flames do fall.
 What Mercy is't that Conscience strives so long,
 And his Convictions still in you are strong!
 O fear, lest Sin do fear your Conscience quite,
 And God also put out your Candle-Light!
 He'll give you up unto a Heart of Stone,
 As he in Wrath hath served many a one:
 Then to repent it will be much too late;
 Such is the Danger of a lapsed State.
 Therefore take Heed, and don't this Work delay,
 Nor put it off until another Day:

Thy

Thy Days on Earth, alas ! will be but few ;
They fly away like to the Morning Dew.
Like as the Clouds and Shadows swiftly flies,
Or Dew doth pass so soon as Sun does rise,
So fly thy Days, thy golden Months and Years,
Much like the Blossom which most gay appears,
It on a sudden fades, and does decay ;
So Youth does often wither quite away :
Thy Age unto the Spring thou do'st compare,
And to the Flowers that appear so rare.
The Flower withers, and hangs down his Head,
Which curiously of late so flourished ;
The Meadows, clad in glorious Array,
Are soon cut down, and turned into Hay.
Like *Jonah's* Gourd, which sprung up in a Night,
And perished as soon as it was Light.
Or like a Ghost which quickly passeth by,
Or Weaver's Shuttle which he maketh fly.
Or as a Ship, when she is under Sail,
Most swiftly runs her Course with a full Gale !
So are thy Days ; they in like Manner fly.
How many little Graves may'st thou espy ?
Come, measure now thy Days, and see their Length ;
Number 'em not by Years, by Health nor Strength.
O ! these uncertain Rules you must refuse,
Tho' 'tis the general way which most Men use.
They think to live till they old aged are,
'Cause their Progenitors long-lived were.
This Rule from Truth, you see, does greatly vary ;
And sound Experience sheweth the contrary.
You hear the things which you should reckon by ;
Things swift in Motion, gone most speedily.
Thy Life's uncertain, *Youth*, 'tis but a Blast ;
Thy Sand is little, long it will not last ;

Thy

Thy House, tho' new, yet it is very old ;
Gone to Decay, and turning into Mould.
You're born to die, and dead also you were
Before you liv'd, or breathed in the Air ;
And die you must, before that live you do,
Except you die to live, as I do show.



Thy dreadful Ruin, Soul, is very nigh;
Unless thy Tears prevent it speedily.
What is thy Purpose now ? What's in thy Mind ?
Which way do'st think to take, how art inclin'd ?

YOUTH.

Thy Ways, O Truth ! I am resolved to run,
And never more to Sin and Folly turn.
I tremble at the Thoughts of Death and Hell;
My Soul is wounded, and my Wounds do swell.
I'll beg of Jesus Christ I may obtain
Some healing Medicine to remove my Pain.
No Rest can I, save in my Duty, find,
I unto Pray'r am very much inclin'd.

God

God will, I hope, these latter Sins forgive,
 Since I more Godly do intend to live,
 And so resolve to watch, and take such Care,
 That Satan shall no more my Soul ensnare.

Ulcinus.

He from this Day becomes a great Professor,
 Though far from being yet a true Possessor :
 Christ he has got into his Mouth, and Head,
 And not internally rais'd from the Dead ;
 But in Old *Adam* still he does remain,
 Not knowing what 'tis to be Born again
 When Satan sees it is in vain to strive,
 The Soul into its former State to drive,
 But that it will forsake its Wickedness,
 And the sweet Truth of Jesus Christ profess ;
 He yields thereto, resolving secretly
 To blind his Eyes in close Hypocrisy,
 And so appear under a new Disguise,
 Most subtilly the Soul for to surprize ;
 Persuading him the War which he doth find
 Continue daily in his troubled Mind,
 Is saving Grace, against Iniquity.
 Which has prevail'd, and got the Victory,
 When it is common Grace (we do so call)
 And not the Grace that's supernatural
 Here he doth rest, and seem to be at Ease,
 When all is done his Conscience to appease.
 But I'll give Place to this Religious Youth,
 To hear Discourse between him and the Truth.

Youth.

Oh! happy I; and blessed be the Day
 That unto Truth and Conscience I gave way :
 I would not be in my old State again,
 Might I thereby a thousand Worlds obtain.

From

From Wrath and Hell my Soul is now set free ;
For I don't doubt but I converted be.
The Word with Power so to me was brought,
A glorious Change within my Soul was wrought.

Truth.

Young-man, take heed, lest you mistaken are ;
Conversion's hard : It is a thing so rare,
That very few that narrow Passage enter,
Tho' for that Way there 's Thousands do adventure,
Yet miss their Mark : For all their inward Strife,
They fall far short of the New Creature Life.
Come let me hear your Grounds, or Evidence,
For I don't like your seeming Confidence :
I doubt you're still under the Almighty's Curse,
And that your Case is bad, if not much worse
Than 'twas when you did no Profession make ;
But did your Swing in all Profaneness take.
The Pharisee was a Religious Man,
Yet nearer Heaven was the Publican.
If short in Christ, you fix or fasted do,
'Twill be your Ruin and your Overthrow.

Youth.

What do you mean ? this Doctrine's too severe,
For all may see that I converted are :
But if my Grounds you are resolv'd to weigh,
I'll quickly tell you what I have to say :
And the first Ground which I resolve to bring
On this Behalf, to clear and prove the thing,
Is from Conviction which I have of Sin,
Which once I hugged, and delighted in.

Truth.

Poor Soul, alas ! this Reason soon will fly,
For most do see their vile Iniquity.

They

44 *The Danger of false Foundations.*

They are convinced by their inward Light,
That Sin is odious in Jehovah's Sight.
But yet vile Sinners are nevertheless,
They don't one Drachm of saving Grace possess.
King *Pharaoh*, *Esau*, yea and *Judas* too,
All were convinced of their Sins you know ;
That they were Saints there's no Man doth believe
For all those three the Devil did deceive.
And has deceived you as I do judge,
Unless you do some better Reason urge,
To prove Conversion in your Soul is wrought,
I do declare your State is very naught.
How many Men under Conviction lie,
Yet never Born again until they die ?
What hast thou else to say, or to produce,
Since slight Convictions are of little Use ?

Mouth.

I do not only see my Sin, but I
Do mourn and grieve for Sin continually :
And those which do so mourn, they blessed are,
Don't you also the self same thing declare ?

Truth.

Nay hold a season ; thou may'st weep amain,
Yet still in thee may many Evils reign.
You may lament for Sin as many do,
Because of Shame, and anxious Pain and Wo,
Which now it brings, and leads unto i'th' End ;
And that because thereby you do offend
The living God, and wound your Saviour, who
Did for your sake such Torments undergo.
Mourn more for th' Evil which doth come thereby.
Than for the Evil which in it doth lie :
This Ground is weak, for *Esau* it appears
Did mourn and weep, and let fall bitter Tears ;

And

And yet you know that *Esa* was prophane,
And far was he from being Born again.

Wouth.

But I go farther yet, I do confess
My horrid Evils, and my Guiltiness.
If I confess my Sins, as I have done,
GOD he is just, and is the faithful One.
Who will my Sins forgive, and pardon quite,
He'll blot them out of his most precious Sight:
This being so, What Cause then can you see,
But that I'm turn'd from my Iniquity?

Truth.

This will not do, 'tis not a certain Ground;
Some do confess their Sins with Hearts unsound,
When *Pharaoh* saw the Judgment of the Hall,
His Heart began then greatly for to fail:
I've sin'd this time, the Lord is just, said he,
I and my People also wicked be.
Tho' *Pharaoh*, *Saul*, and *Judas*, each of them;
God did reject, and utterly condemn;
Yet these when under Wrath, are forc'd to cry
Lord we have sinn'd, their Conscience so did fly
Into their Faces that it made them quake,
And unto God Confession strait to make.
Confession also may be made in Part,
And not of ev'ry Sin that's in the Heart.
Men may confess their Sins, and their great Guilt;
Who the dire Nature of it never felt:
Confess their Sins in their Extremity,
When Conscience pinches them most bitterly.
Confess their Sins which they committed have,
Yet don't intend those cursed Sins to leave.

Wouth.

46 *The Wicked confess their Sins.*

Youth.

But I confess, and also do forsake,
Therefore my State you very much mistake,
Those who confess, and do their Sins fore-go;
God will to them his precious Mercy show:
Therefore don't trouble me, 'tis very plain,
I for my part am truly Born again.

Truth.

In this also you may deceived be,
Men may forsake all gross Iniquity,
Yet in their Souls may some sweet Morfels lie,
Which they may hug, and keep close secretly,
If the least Sin thou dost forsake aright,
All Sins would then be odious to thy sight.
Judgment and Reason may your Sins oppose,
And utterly with them refuse to close:
Yet may thy Will, and thy Affections cast;
To favour still, and love those Sins of thine;
If Sin's not out of the Affections cast;
Thou wilt appear an Hypocrite at last;
If Sin's i'th' Will, and the Affections found,
'Tis a true Sign their Hearts are quite unsound,
Like to the Seamen, some Professors do,
Who over-board some Goods are forc'd to throw,
When they do meet with Storms and windy Weather,
Least all their Goods and Ship do sink together;
When in the Soul great Storms and Tempest rise,
The Devil then may subtilly advise
The Soul to throw some of his Sins away,
To make a Calm, that so thereby he may,
Persuade the Soul, the Danger is quite gone,
And that the Work in him is fully done.
'Tis not enough therefore some Sins to leave,
But ev'ry Sin you must resolve to leave,

And

And cast o'er board, yea, and that willingly,
Or else you sink to all Eternity :
Not by Constraint, as Conscience doth compel,
As some are forc'd to do, who like it will,
Who leave the Act, but love it to retain,
Such leave their Sins, and yet their Sins remain.

Youth.

These are hard Sayings which you do relate,
And I indeed should question my Estate,
Were't not for other Grounds, and Reasons clear
By which I know that I converted were.
Sir, there's in me a very glorious Change,
Most Men admire it and do think it strange,
That one who lately did but scoff and jeer
Those Men and People which I now do hear
And follow'd Vice, and ev'ry Vanity,
Should on a sudden thus reformed be ;
And utterly myself also deny
Of my sweet Joys, and former Company.

Truth.

From outward Filthiness a Man may turn,
And not be chang'd in Heart when he has done.
An outward Change in Men there may be wrought,
When that their Hearts within are very naught.
The Swine that wallows in the Mire now,
May washed be, and still remain a Sow.
Persons may cleanse the Outside of the Cup,
And Dogs may spew their nasty Vomit up,
But yet do keep their beastly Nature still,
And e're a while they manifest it will.
Many Professors fall away, and die,
For want of being changed thoroughly,
The Pharisee was chang'd, he did appear
Indeed, as if a precious Saint he were.

48 *Conscience forceth to leave Sin.*

He differ'd quite from the poor Publican ;
 He thought himself a far more happy Man :
 But all this was in Shew, and not in Heart ;
 He therefore had in Christ no Share, not Part :
 Except your Righteousness does his excel,
 You in no wise shall in God's Kingdom dwell.
 Old Herod will reform in many things,
 When once he finds his Conscience bites and stings.
 To hear *John Baptist* also was he led,
 Yet afterwards depriv'd him of his Head.
 So far this seeming Saint was turn'd aside,
 That he also our Saviour did deride ;
 And then his Men of War set him at naught ;
 Whilst Accusations they against him brought.



Simon the Sorcerer also, you read,
 Was changed so, he gave great Care and Heed
 To *Philip's* Preaching ; yea, and suddenly
 He leaves his Witchcrafts, and his Sorcery ;
 But was a cursed Caitiff all the while,
 Like a Sepulchre painted, inward vile.

Another

Another Man, in shew, 'tis like thou art;
Yet not made New, and changed in thy Heart;
Men in thy Life may no great Blemish spy,
Yet in thy Breast much Rottenness may lie.
Towards all Men thy Conscience may be clear,
Conscience so far for thee may Witness bear,
That you in Morals it may not offend,
Yet unto God it may not you commend;
But otherwise it in your Face may fly,
And you condemn for Sin continually.
Therefore, O Young-Man, if you look about;
Of your Conversion you have Cause to doubt;
Satan so greatly may your Heart deceive,
That not one Dram of Grace thy Soul may have,
Which saving is, and of the purer Kind,
For that, alas! there's very few do find.

Youth.

But I am call'd of God, and do obey
The Voice of Truth and Conscience ev'ry Day.
God's called Ones, I'm sure, you can't deny,
But they are such whom he doth justify.
Wherefore 'tis clear, and very evident,
That Grace alone hath made me penitent.
My Heart is sound, my Graces true also,
My Confidence there's none shall overthrow.

Truth.

Thou seem'st too confident, 'tis a sad Sign,
For Fears attend where saving Grace doth shine.
I tell thee, Youth, that many called be,
But few are chosen from Eternity.
Judas was call'd, and did obey in part,
And yet he was a Devil in his Heart.
There is an outward and an inward Call,
The latter only is Effectual.

Therefore you must produce some better Ground,
 For this don't prove that your Conversion's found,
 But that thou may'st stick fast still in the Birth,
 Or prove Abortive when thou art brought forth.
 'Tis rare, O Youth, for to be born anew,
 And hard to find out when the Work is true.

Youth.

Though it be so, what Cause have I to fear;
 When that my Evidences are so clear?
 I do believe, and trust in God through Faith,
 And he which doeth so, the Witness hath
 Within himself, and shall assuredly
 Be saved also when he comes to die.

Conscience.

Thou may'st believe, as most of People do,
 And yet to Hell at last thy Soul may go.
 The Faith of Credence it is like you have,
 Which cannot quicken, purify, or save.
 Some Jews believ'd in Christ, you also find,
 Yet to their Lusts, their Hearts were then inclin'd,
 And out of Satan's Kingdom were not freed,
 Nor made Disciples of the Lord indeed.
 Simon the Sorcerer, he did believe,
 Yet did his Soul no saving Grace receive.
 The stony Ground with Joy receiv'd the Seed,
 And for a time brought forth, as you may read,
 And yet their Hearts they were but Hearts of Stone,
 Their Faith was temporary, soon 'twas gone.
 The Devils do believe as well as you,
 Yea, and confess that Jesus they do know:
 They tremble also, when some Men can't say
 They ever did unto this present Day.
 Such Faith as Devils have, most Men obtain,
 Which only serves to aggravate their Pain.

If on a Death-bed Conscience do awake,
'Twill cause 'em then to tremble and to quake;
And roar like Devils when they do espy
The dreadful Wrath of that great Majesty
Whom they offend, and against purest Light
And Knowledge too most wickedly did slight:
This Faith will serve their Grief to aggravate,
But not to help them out of that Estate;
'Tis easy to believe that Christ did die,
But hard his Blood in Truth for to apply.
Men may raise up the Dead to Life again,
As easy as true saving Faith obtain,
By their own Power and inherent Skill,
Nothing obstructs it more than Man's own Will,
Until almighty Power makes it bend,
'Twill not to Grace nor Jesus condescend.
That Pow'r which rais'd up Jesus from the Dead,
Works Faith in Saints whereby they're quickened.
This precious Faith, the Faith of God's Elect,
As 'tis a Grace, and gloriously bedest
With other Graces, so 'twill never grow
But in the honest Heart, where God doth sow
This blessed Seed, which like a Garden pure
Doth yield its Fruits to th' last, you may be sure;
And when this Faith is wrought in any Soul,
It throws down self, and wholly then doth rouse
On Jesus Christ, that most beloved One,
On whom it rests and doth depend alone:
If God has wrought this precious Grace in thee,
Sin thou dost hate, yea, all Iniquity;
And Lust doth not predominate and reign,
If thou by Faith art truly Born again.
Christ thou exaltest, as he's Priest and King,
And as a Prophet too in ev'ry thing;

He does in thee wholly the Scepter sway,
 And thou art govern'd by him ev'ry Day.
 Sin can't prevail, such is thy happy Case,
 If thou hast gotten this victorious Grace;
 It purges and doth purify the Heart,
 Wholly renewing thee in ev'ry Part.
 Men by its Fruits true Faith may come to know;
 And by their Works the same also do show.
 What Faith is thine? what think'st thou now of it?
 I greatly fear 'twill prove a Counterfeit;
 Examine thy Estate, and take good heed
 To close with Jesus Christ, and that with Speed:
 For as the Body without the Spirit's dead,
 The same of Faith you know also is said;
 Without Obedience doth thy Faith attend,
 You'll notwithstanding perish in the End.

Poeth.

I am obedient, and am free to join
 In Fellowship with Saints, such Faith is mine:
 I willing am to do, as to believe,
 The Devil therefore can't my Soul deceive.
 The many Prayers I make both Day and Night,
 Do doubtless prove that my Conversion's right:

Truth.

I tell thee, Soul, Men may do more than this,
 And yet they may of true Conversion miss,
 God's Ordinances many do obey,
 And Members of his holy Church are they,
 And Privileges of it seem to share,
 As if that they converted truly were,
 They may discourse, and seem to be devout,
 And may not be discerned, nor found out;
 They with the Flock may walk, lie down and feed,
 And so remain till many Years succeed:

Nay,

Nay, not discover'd be until they stand
Among the Goats, at Jesus Christ's Left Hand.



The foolish Virgins join'd themselves with wise,
And for to meet the Bridegroom did arise:
When their Profession was but meer out-side,
Who did no Oil, or saving Grace provide.
Many great Preachers and Disputers too,
Christ will not own, or any Favour shew,
Tho' in his Name they mighty Works have done,
He'll say to them, Ye wicked Ones be gone,
I know you not, therefore be gone from me,
All you vile Workers of Iniquity.
You often say you seek the Lord in Prayer,
That you may do, and let fall many a Tear,
And yet not be in a converted State,
For many seek with Tears when 'tis too late.
Others, like Seamen in a Storm do cry,
When Conscience doth rebuke them bitterly.

54 *Hypocrites not easily discerned.*

And some under Afflictions cry and howl,
 And grievously their State do then condole;
 They Promises and Resolutions make,
 That they such Courses will no longer take;
 But when the Storm and the Affliction's o'er,
 They are as bad, nay worser than before.
 Some pray in Form, and others pray by Art,
 And some to mend the Badness of their Heart;
 Their Hearts are wounded, and then speedily,
 Their Pray'rs to heal it they do strait apply:
 They sin by Day, but pray when it is Night,
 Then sin again, but Pray'r doth heal it quite,
 And so that way poor Conscience they beguile,
 They silence him, yet Sinners all the while.
 Their Pray'rs, alas, can't wash their Filth away,
 Tho' they do nothing else both Night and Day.
 'Tis on their Pray'rs they rest, and do depend,
 Which, like a broken Staff, will fall i'th' End.
 A Saint at Pray'r no Ease nor Rest can gain,
 Unless Christ's Blood thereby he doth obtain,
 And Grace also his Sins to mortify;
 For Christ, as well as Pardon he doth cry:
 But otherwise it is with most of Men,
 They cry for Pardon, and do also then
 In their vile Hearts regard Iniquity;
 And for this Cause God doth their Suit deny.
 Their Prayers are to God Abomination,
 Whilst they do hide and cover their Transgression.
 Some out of Custom do perform their Pray'r,
 Not out of Conscience, nor from Godly Care;
 And others also for Vain-glory Sake,
 Like Pharisees they many Prayers make.
 In Sight of Men, in publick such will pray,
 But in the Closet little have to say.

They

They with their Mouths and Tongues much Kindness
Fixing their Hearts on earthly Things below. (show,
'Tis for the Heart that Christ doth chiefly call,
And it is Reason he should have it all;
For he the same did purchase very dear;
Yet Satan has the chief Possession there.
God at the Door, and in the Porch doth stand,
Whilst Satan may the bravest Room command.
The'll ope to him, and keep Jehovah out,
And yet in Pray'r they seem to be devout.



Some kneel to pray as soon as they arise,
And think such Pray'rs for Sin a Sacrifice,
Rise up, and to their Looking-Glass repair;
And pride themselves in Dress and Fashion there.
Whoever prays, and prays not fervently,
In Faith, in Truth, and in Sincerity,
Their Pray'rs are Sin, and God will not them hear,
Nor mind their Cry when they to him draw near:
It's not enough a Duty for to know,
But how also each Duty you should do.
For Men may Pray, Read, Hear, and Meditate,
And yet be in an unconverted State.

56 *The Prayer of the Wicked is Sin.*

They outwardly may many Truths profess,
 But not in Heart the Pow'r of them possess.
 The Letter of the Law keep as the Shell,
 Yet feed on Husks, and want the true Kernel.
 The Young Man which to Jesus Christ did run,
 He many Things as well as you had done,
 And yet fell short, as you now plainly see,
 Of the chief Part of true Christianity.
 What say you now, O Youth, do you not fear,
 That you by Satan much deceived are?
 Have you no *Dalilah*, which secretly
 Doth in your Heart, or in your Bosom lie?
 Which will at last thy precious Soul betray,
 And leave thee to thine Enemy a Prey.
 So *Sampson* was of old entic'd aside
 To his own Ruin by his treach'rous Bride.
 Don't you to Sin some secret Love retain?
 If it be so, you are not Born again.
 Conscience, I fear, and God's restraining Grace,
 Has only stopt you in your former Race.
 Like to a Dog that's kept up by a Chain,
 So Conscience often does from Sin restrain;
 But if the Chain should slip, then loose he goes,
 And presently his churlish Nature shows.
 To your own Righteousness O do not trust,
 I fear you do; come speak, or Conscience must.
 Don't you conclude, God is oblig'd to you,
 Since you have let so many Evils go,
 And are so holy here of late become?
 Are not your Duties set up in the room
 And place of Christ? O see you do not make
 A ~~behaviour~~ of your own, for Jesus Sake!
 Did ever Sin, sinful to you appear,
 And, as 'tis Sin, to it great Hatred bear?

Would

Would you not sin, were there no Hell of Pain,
 Because you know the Lord doth it disdain?
 Rather, is't not thro' Fear of Punishment,
 You thus begin of late for to relent?
 Or, doth there not some carnal, base Design
 Move thee so far unto God's Truth to join?
 Is not thy End to get a Name thereby,
 Or only done Conscience to satisfy?
 Or done to free thee from Reproach or Shame,
 Which Sin doth bring upon a Person's Name?
 Hast not it done, and wisely cast about
 Such Ways for to prevent a Bankrupt?
 Or done for to augment thy outward Store?
 Or save thy Stock, and add unto it more?
 For riotous Living, which attends thy Age,
 Consumes apace, and Want it doth presage.
 Come speak, O Youth, and be thou not unfree
 To let me understand how 'tis with thee.
 Come, call to mind, what thou hast heard of late,
 And thereby judge of this thy present State.

Youth.

I do not see but my Condition 's good,
 I have such Hope and Faith in Christ's dear Blood.
 Tho' many Imperfections I do see,
 Yet God is gracious, and will pardon me;
 For there are many Failings in the Best:
 What is amiss I'll mend; and so I rest.

Truth.

Thy Hope will fail like to a Spider's Web;
 Thy Flood of Confidence will have its Ebb;
 If you prove guilty of those things that I
 Did unto thee so lately signify,
 Thy Sports will not be like the Sports of those
 Which God for Children to himself hath chose.

And since you are so loth for to be try'd,
 Fearing you should also some Evils hide;
 To Conscience I'll appeal, you have done Wrong
 To stop his Mouth, and hinder him so long;
 He's so enlightned now, he can declare
 As much as we at present need to hear.
 He'll speak the Truth, and his Opinion too,
 And nothing will he hide which he does know.
 If unto him you do attend with Care,
 No other Need of Witnesses is there:
 If he, O Young-man, be but on your Side,
 And is your Friend, you need none else provide;
 But if against you, and does prove your Fo,
 With Vengeance then be sure down will you go.
 But if you will not hear what he shall say,
 He'll make you tremble at the Judgment Day.
 Conscience, I do i'th' Name of the Great King,
 Require you forth your Evidence to bring
 Against this Man; accuse, or set him free,
 According as you find his State to be.
 Stand up for Jesus Christ your sov'reign Lord,
 And judge for him as he doth Light afford.
 Be not deceiv'd by Lust a Bribe to take,
 But judge by Law, Christ's Honour lies at Stake.
 For to speak home and loud have you forgot?
 Is he converted now? or is he not?
 What do you say, your Testimony give;
 Is all Sin dead, or doth there any live?
 Is he new-born, and chang'd in every Part,
 Or is't in Shew only, and not in Heart?
 Come speak your Mind, you are oblig'd thereto,
 For it's an Office Heaven's appointed you.
 That Sinners may have nothing left to say,
 When God shall try each Soul i'th' Judgment-Day.

Con

Conscience.

Sir, say no more, I am at your Command,
And you shall hear how Things at present stand.
He hath, O Truth, almost deceived me,
By's late Pretences unto Sanctity.
But having now afresh receiv'd more Light,
I must declare he was a Hypocrite.
He's not renew'd, or truly Born again.
Which I to you shall clearly now explain.
For, first of all, his Faculty call'd Will,
That is perverse, and very wicked still;
Though I stir up to Goodness ev'ry Hour,
Will doth oppose it with his greatest Pow'r.
He'll never pray in private Day or Night,
But I must force him to't with all my Might:
The Old Man is not slain, I do espy,
But has much Favour shewn him secretly.
Although I force him into Holes to run,
Yet he doth nourish him when all is done.
His Love and his Affections are for Sin,
And so in truth they ever yet have been.
He's troubled more at Sin because of Guilt,
Than at the Odium of it's cursed Filth.
When he's abroad among Religious Men,
Precise and zealous he is always then;
But when amongst such who ungodly be,
He suits himself to their vile Company.
Some Sins are left which Men condemn as gross;
Yet one he hugs and keeps it very close:
Lust doth bear Rule, and much predominate,
And he on it doth love to ruminare.
Pleasant to him is all its secret Charms,
And Thought of private Lusts his Spirits warms:
Tho' he may others outwardly rebuke,
And like a Saint most gravely seem to look.

Conscience & Testimony.

It's Shame and outward Fear doth him restrain,
Or else the Act he would commit again.
If he from outward Blots can keep his Name,
That Saints can't him accuse, or justly blame,
He's satisfy'd, and very well content,
Tho' to his Peace I never gave Consent.
Peace he oft-times doth speak unto his Soul,
And scarce will suffer me him to controul.
When I sometimes do catch him in a Lye,
And do reprove him for Hypocrisy,
To stop my Mouth, he vows he will with Speed
Amend what is amiss, and take more heed :
Nay, more than this of him I could relate,
Shewing you how you've hit his present State,
But that he will not suffer me to speak ;
He blinds my Eyes, that so I might not rake
Into his Heart and Life, lest he thereby
Meet with great Shame for his Iniquity.

Truth.

Conscience, forbear, you need not to enlarge,
If you do lay these things unto his Charge,
His Soul's undone. The Gospel he'll profess,
But still remain i'th' Land of Bitterness,
Is this the Saint that seemed so precise,
And did appear God's Statutes much to prize ?
A Saint in shew, a Devil in his Heart,
And must with Devils also have a Part ;
The Day is coming, and is very near,
When Hypocrites shall be surpriz'd with Fear,
The everlasting, burning, fiery Lake,
Is made more hot on purpose for his Sake.
But since you are not seal'd, nor I yet gone,
Before we leave him quite, do you go on ;

Let

Let us pursue him still, for who doth know,
What God may yet upon his Spirit do?
If God grant him one Dram of saving Grace,
That will yet do, tho' 'tis a doubtful Case
Whether or no God will his Grace afford
To such as he, who thus offends the Lord.
For such whom Satan doth this way deceive,
It's hard to bring them truly to believe.
He never was convinced thoroughly
Of Sin, and of his nat'ral Misery:
His lost Estate he truly never saw,
Nor what it is for to transgress God's Law;
Now he's undone thereby; he never knew
Not what for Sin Original was ever due.
He never saw the great Necessity
Of Jesus Christ; he never did espy,
But on false Bottoms he has built, it's clear.
I do conjure you therefore to declare
Him utterly unclean from *Top to Toe*,
And let him understand you are his Fo:
The Plague is in his Head, and no Place free,
But in his Heart it rages desperately.
Launce him then to the quick, and make him feel
Such heavy Blows, as may cause him to reel.

Conscience.

Come, come, O Young-Man, listen unto me,
I will no longer thus deceived be.
I from God's Word Commission have anew,
To tell thee what is like for to ensue;
For all thy Hopes, and seeming godly Show,
Thou art a wretched Sinner, thou dost know.
Dost think on Conscience to commit a Rape,
And yet God's dreadful Vengeance to escape?

Dar'A

62 *The cruel Griper of Conscience.*

Dar'st thou again, under a new Disguise,
 Encounter with those former Enemies?
 You are the same, I'm sure, although you have
 Changed your Coat poor Mortals to deceive.
 Ungodly Wretch, dost thou not dread my Name?
 I'm come once more against thee to proclaim
 A second War; and to declare also
 God's still thy Enemy, and bitter Fo.
 His Sword is whet, his Bow he'll also bend,
 To cut down those that do like thee offend.
 Nought he hates more than vile Hypocrisy,
 And from his Presence, Youth, thou canst not fly.
 Youth.

Conscience, be still, tho' I a Sinner be,
 There's none doth know it now, but only thee:
 Conscience.

Deceived Soul! Doth none know it but I?
 Where's the Great GOD? Is he not also nigh?
 Dost think, vain Youth, the interposing Cloud,
 From God's all-searching Eye, can be a Shrowd?
 Or dost thou think God's Seat is so on high,
 That he cannot thy inward Thoughts espy?
 None knows but me? Know'st thou not who I am?
 Have I not Power to accuse and damn?
 Should I be still, it would be a sad Day,
 Unless thy Sins were purged clean away:
 And whilst I speak, and thou dost stop thine Ear,
 Nothing but Wars and Tumults thou wilt hear.
 I'll never fight with thee, nor take thy Part,
 Whilst horrid Guilt remains in thy base Heart.
 Nor would I mind thy Flattery, or Frown,
 Were thou the highest Prince of great Renown,
 That ever did on Earth a Scepter sway,
 Before thy Face, I would thy Evils lay:

For

Dreadful Nature of a guilty Conscience. 63

For where I am an Enemy indeed,
I'll plague that Heart until I make it bleed.
Whate'er you think, or speak, or act, or do,
Of it, poor Soul, I very well do know;
Thy secret Lust, and what is done i'th' Night,
Which thou ashamed art should come to Light;
I then am nigh, and know it very well,
Nay more than this, I am resolv'd to tell:
I unto thee shall prove an Enemy,
When thou art brought into Adversity,
When painful Sickness comes, then thou shalt see
Death flying swift to make an End of thee:
All conqu'ring Death will not regard thy Strength,
But will convey thee to the Grave at length;



So Sampson stout he brought unto the Ground,
And Alexander great his Dart did wound.
Then my black Bill against thee will be large,
For then against thee I will bring a Charge,
Which will like Ashes make thy Visage look,
And wound thy Soul as if a Knife was struck

Edmund Spenser

Into

64 Dreadful Nature of a guilty Conscience.

Into thy very Heart, and make thee mourn,
And curse the Day that ever thou wast Born.
I'll make thee clearly understand in th'End,
What 'tis, vile Sinner, Conscience to offend.
Hearken again, for I have more to say;
When this Life's ended, there's another Day.
Look now about thee, *Youth*, for there's to come
The black, the dark, the dreadful Day of *Doom*.
When thou dost die, I'll bite and sting thy Soul,
Whilst burning in the Flames it doth condole
Its damned State for yielding unto Sin,
Which has alone the Ruin of it been.
And also when i'th' Judgment-Day you stand,
Among the Goats at Jesus Christ's Left-Hand,
Thy dreadful State and Tryal there to hear,
Then I against thee straitways must appear,
Yea, and shall speak more plain than now I can,
Because I'm clouded by the Fall of Man;
And am by Satan oftentimes misled,
So that I'm quite unable rendered
A true and right Decision to make,
He so beguiles me, that I do mistake,
And a wrong Judgment oftentimes retain
Till *Truth* sets me into the Light again;
But Satan then shall no more Power have
Man's wretched sinful Heart for to deceive.
I in that Day shall you provoke and urge,
For to confess with Shame before the Judge.
Thy evil Lust and close Hypocrisy,
Unto thy own eternal Misery;
I shall accuse thee so, in that great Day,
Young-Man, thou shalt not have one Word to say.

Thy

Dreadful Nature of a guilty Conscience. 65

Thy inward Parts so open'd then shall be,
That nothing shall be hid i'th' least from me ;
And I before the dreadful Judge shall shew
All secret Things that ever you did do.
And in your Face so fiercely also fly,
That you with Horror shall be forc'd to cry,
Guilty, Guilty, O Lord ; then you must hear
The dreadful Sentence which no one can bear,
Go, Go, ye Cursed ; that's a Word of Ire ;
And you must down into eternal Fire,
Where Hypocrites, and Unbelievers lie,
Broiling in Pain to all Eternity.
And as the Fire evermore will burn,
And thou from thence shall never more return,
So also I shall then afflict your Soul,
Whilst you in scalding Sulphur Flames dost roll.
I, like a Worm, or Serpent then will bite,
And gnaw thy Soul, thou cursed Hypocrite.
Those inward Strings which always thou wilt find,
Or cruel Gnawings in the tortur'd Mind,
Will then increase, and aggravate thy Wo,
In such a Sort, there is no Tongue can show.
You then will think how you did me abuse,
And my good Counsel utterly refuse ;
Your base Delays, and Put-offs you'll repent,
And that your Time so foolishly you spent :
That you to Love, which unto Lust you bore,
Should lose your Soul, and that for evermore.
To think how near you were to your Salvation,
Will prove another grievous Aggravation,
To bid so fair for Heaven, yet to miss,
What greater Trouble can there be than this ?
To see the Ship i'th' Mouth of Haven lost,
That doth, ye know, perplex the Merchant most.

66 *Dreadful Nature of a guilty Conscience.*

I'll tell you also how you wilfully
Brought on yourself that dreadful Misery ;
And how I did oft-times to you declare
The bitter Torments which you then must bear ;
And what your Pride and Lust will bring you to,
If you did not resolve to let them go.
Ah ! thou wilt see that thou art quite undone,
And how all Hopes for evermore are gone.
Thoughts of these golden Seasons once you had,
And vainly lost, will then be very sad.
Thou mightst, hadst thou improv'd the Means of
Beheld with Saints God's reconciled Face, (Grace,
And enter'd Paradise, where Angels sing
Anthems of Joy to their Eternal King :
Thou mightst have sung to him melodious Psalms
With those, whose Hands shall bear triumphant Palms.
Who with eternal Love shall ravish'd be,
Reigning with Christ to all Eternity.
Heav'n is a Place whose Glory doth excel ;
The Thousandth Part of it no Tongue can tell,
For who'd lose Christ, and his immortal Treasure,
For one base Lust, and Moment's time of Pleasure ;
But if what's said of Heav'n will not invite thee,
Then let Hell's Torments with its Vengeance fright
And make thee yield to Truth without Delays, (thee,
Before God puts a Period to thy Days.
As Eye can never see, nor Tongue express
The Glory which God's Saints in Heav'n possess,
So there's no Man which can conceive the Wo
That Souls shut up in Hell do undergo.
If Men could number all the Stars in Heaven,
Or count the Dust which with the Wind is driven,
Or tell the Drops of Water in the Seas,
Or count the Sands ; then might a Man, with Ease,
Declare

Dreadful Nature of a guilty Conscience. 67

Declare the Nature of that dreadful Pain,
Which damned Souls for ever must sustain;
But Stars, nor Dust, nor Drops, nor Sands can be
Number'd by any one, neither can he
Express the Nature of God's dreadful Ire,
Which Souls lie under in eternal Fire.
In Hell all's Death, and yet there is no Dying;
Nought there is heard but a most hideous Crying.
There Pains end not, from it there's no Exemption;
There Cries admit no Hell, there's no Redemption;
For none to pity them, nor hear their Groans,
Whilst they do make their lamentable Moans.
The Lord who dy'd, will then rejoice to see
Vengeance pour'd forth upon those Souls that be
Vessels of Wrath; who for rejecting Grace,
Must have their Portion in that doleful Place.
No earthly Rains or Torments, can declare
The woful Anguish which the Damned bear:
For if those Plagues could be defin'd by Men,
Infinite Punishments 'twould not be then,
Infinite Wrath it is to satisfy;
And God be sure will Justice magnify.
Didst thou but hear the Groans, and hideous Cry
Of Souls condemned to Eternity,
How it would scare, and cause thy Heart to ake,
And ev'ry Limb to tremble and to quake:
Think, think on this, before the Time doth come,
That God doth pass on thee thy final Doom.

Truth.

(Peace

What say'st thou now? How canst thou sleep in
Until these inward Gripes of Conscience cease?
How canst thou think i'th' least thy State is good,
When Conscience swells, and makes so great a Flood?

Or

68 *The cruel Gripes of Conscience.*

Or raises Storms and Tempests in thy Breast,
Because of Sin, he will not let thee rest.
Come, make a Search, Conscience is not misled,
The very Truth before you he has spread.
What will you do at Death and Judgment-Day,
If Conscience thus you slight and disobey?
Make Peace with God, for worser are his Cries
Than if ten thousand Witnesses arise
Against thy Soul: 'twill be a dreadful thing,
To have thy Conscience then to bite and sting.

Mouth.

Some Comfort, Truth, alas! my Soul doth melt;
Such Gripes as these what Man has ever felt;
I have some doubt my Case is very naught,
And that Conversion is not truly wrought.
My Heart condemns me, and doth me reprove,
'Tis thou alone which canst my Grief remove.

Truth.

Before you have a Plaister for your Sore,
Your Wound must yet be seach'd a little more.
If slightly heal'd, only for present Ease,
The Remedy's as bad as the Disease.
Dost know what time thou didst this Wound receive?
'Tis worser far, I fear, than you believe:
'Tis deep, it stinks; yea, and is venomous,
And doth expose thee to God's dreadful Curse.
Thy State is bad, thou hast thy mortal Wound;
No Limb or any Part of thee is sound;
If thou couldst live, and never more offend,
Yet, by the Law thy Soul is quite condemn'd.
If from all actual Sin you might be clear,
Yet by the Law, you still most guilty are
Of former Crimes, Treason and Felony,
And Justice doth aloud for Vengeance cry:

Nor

Nor will the Pardon or Reprieve give forth
To any Sinner living on the Earth.
Against thee for the Sentence is forth gone,
And th' Day of Execution drawing on ;
Nought is between thee and eternal Death,
But some short Hours of uncertain Breath.
Sin is so vile, and Justice so severe,
That in the least 'twould not Christ Jesus spare ;
But Justice he must fully satisfy,
Who came to be Man's blest Security.
And since in Christ thou hast no Share or Part,
Be what a self-condemned Soul thou art.

Worth.

O cursed Sin ! is this my sad Condition ?
Truth, I believe, has made a right Decision.
Have my Soul deceived all along,
No' in my Heart Convictions oft were strong :
Oh ! horrid Lust, and base deceitful Devil,
This the Fruit of your sweet pleasing Evil :
And thou false World too, what art thou to me ?
Or I, alas ! am ruined by thee.
Whither shall I fly ? what Path untrod,
Or to escape th' incensed Wrath of God ?
Will none for me some secret Place provide,
Where I from flaming Vengeance close may hide ?

Truth.

Vain is all this ; for none can find a Place,
To hide from God ; such is thy bitter Case ;
To the Ends of all the Earth you fly,
Vengeance will you pursue with Hue and Cry.
You should take some sudden hasty Flight,
Seek some Shelter in the Shade of Night,
Would also fail thee, tho' it should be done ;
Unto God Darkness and Light is one.

Can

Can Rocks, dost think, prevent, yea, or restrain
 The Stroke of Justice, and not fly in twain?
 There is no Sea, nor Shade, nor Rock, nor Cave,
 Which can from Vengeance shelter thee, or save,
 The Sea would part, the hard'ned Rock will split.
 Where Justice aims, her fiery Darts must hit.
 Canst thou escape? alas! what Place is there
 To hide from him, who's present ev'ry where?

Youth.

Oh! Truth, what shall I do? how can I stand,
 Or bear those Tortures of God's heavy Hand?
 My Spirit may Infirmities sustain,
 But who can help this inward cutting Pain?
 Is there no Help, no Salve, to heal my Wound?
 What! no Physician for me to be found?
 Will Tears nor Prayers, no Help at all afford,
 Nor Watchings, Fastings, Hearing of the Word?
 Or if that I could live, and sin no more?
 O what is Sin? and what's my gangrene Sore?
 O what's the Nature of Iniquity,
 If nought my Soul can cleanse or purify?
 Ah! I am lost, the Case is truly so;
 I am undone, and know not what to do;
 Have you no Word of Comfort now for me?
 Oh! must I die in this Extremity?

Truth.

Dost find thyself sick at the very Heart?
 And doth my Searching make thy Wounds to smart
 Doth Sin, as Sin, upon thy Spirits lie?
 And doth its Weight and Burden make thee cry?
 Dost know thy Wound is epidemical,
 And that for thee, there is no Help at all,
 By Law or Levite? Dost thou see thy Loss,
 And thy own Righteousness to be but Dross?

Youth.

Youth.

I know not what to say, I am in Doubt,
Some Sin is hid, which yet I can't find out,
My Heart is deep, and very traiterous,
Every Day I find it worse and worse.
I grieve for Sin, and yet I am in dread,
That I in Sin am greatly hardened.
Yet this, O Truth, I hope is wrought in me,
Sin I do hate, as 'tis Iniquity.

I would not Christ offend, nor grieve again,
Were there no Hell, or Place of future Pain:
O that e'er I against the Lord should sin;
Who has to me so Good and Gracious been?
Against the Lord, against the Lord alone,
Have I this horrid Evil often done.

Oh! I do see that I in Sin am dead,
And my Iniquity's gone o'er my Head,
As a great Burden, which I cannot bear;
Oh! that I might but of a Saviour hear.

Truth.

Come, Youth, cheer up, if this be so indeed,
tell thee then, Christ for thy Soul did bleed,
Glad Tidings now I unto thee do bring,
There's Mercy for thee, in the heav'nly King.
Christ, to appease God's Wrath, did hither come,
And I am sent by him, to call thee home.
Rise up, rise up, his Blood for to apply,
And thou shalt soon be healed perfectly.

Youth.

Ah! could I but believe what thou dost say
unto my Soul, 'twould be a joyful Day.
As, on me a mighty Burden lies,
I cannot stir, nor Power have to rise.

72 *Truth directeth the Young-Man.*

Can *Lazarus*, who in the Grave doth lie,
 Death's cruel Fetters, and strong Bands untie?
 Can he awake? What Power hath he to strive?
 When dead and stinks? alas! he can't revive,
 Altho' but four Days dead: How then shall I,
 Who have lain dead in my Iniquity,
 Ever since *Adam*, as it plain appears,
 Which is indeed above five thousand Years?
 Jehovah, who at first my Heart did make,
 Must by his Pow'r it into Pieces take;
 That so he may create my Heart anew,
 E'er Good from Christ doth to my Soul accrue;
 'Tis he must give me Power to will, and do,
 And rise me up, e'er I can stand or go.

Truth.

Though that be true, yet hearken unto me,
 And take Counsel which I'll give to thee;
 And thou shalt find, as sure as God's above,
 He will thy Fears, and all thy Doubts remove;
 And raise thee up out of the empty Pit,
 And on a Rock also will set thy Feet.
 First thing of all, which I to you commend,
 Be sure you don't your Conscience more offend.
 He that in Morals walks not faithfully,
 No Marvel 'tis if Christ doth pass him by.
 In ev'ry Nation those accepted are,
 Who walk uprightly, and the Lord do fear.
 Those who do follow on to know the Lord,
 He will to them his saving Help afford.
 I do exhort you in the second place,
 For to attend upon all Means of Grace.
 Do not neglect to hear God's Holy Word,
 But prize each Season, which the blessed Lord

Is pleased Mercy on you to bestow,
 For unto you thereby much Good will flow:
 My third Advice make use of speedily,
 Lift up your Voice unto the Lord on high,
 Pour forth your Soul to him both Night and Day;
 And you'll prevail, though he at first say nay.
 Though you at first may with Repulses meet,
 Your Soul yet prostrate at Jehovah's Feet.
 He's full of Bowels, long he can't refrain,
 E'er he comes forth to ease you of your Pain.
 Thy Prayers and Tears, and spiritual Contrition;
 Will move his Heart to send thee a Physician:
 Christ's Blood will heal, 'twill cleanse and purify,
 If now the same by Faith you do apply.
 Such Grief is thine, no Med'cine will do good,
 Nor heal thy Soul, but thy dear Saviour's Blood.
 The good Samaritan will cast a Look,
 Though thou of Priest and Levite art forsook;
 Into thy Wounds he'll put in Oil and Wine,
 The which will heal that bleeding Soul of thine.
 O cry to God, my Sister Grace to send,
 'Tis she, at last, will prove thy special Friend:
 If God is pleased but to send her down,
 Thy Head with Glory she will straitway crown:
 But here I'll advertize thee first of all,
 Be sure you do for the right Sister call;
 For there are two, and both of one Sur-name;
 The one is lovely Fair, the other lame:
 The one is common, the other chaste and pure;
 And will be true to thee thou mayst be sure.
 The one will dwell where Sin predominates,
 The other loaths and bitterly it hates;
 And makes a thorow Change where she doth dwell,
 And will all Filth out of that Heart expel,

D

Where

74 *Truth directs to the Young-man.*

Where she doth take up her sure dwelling Place,
 Rare is the Nature of true saving Grace;
 Thy stubborn Will she'll make for to submit,
 And thy Affections change, as she thinks fit.
 The old Man she will into Pieces tear,
 She'll cut and kill, and nothing will she spare,
 That's opposite unto the Prince of Light:
 She'll put the Devil to a speedy Flight:
 She'll make him leave his strongest Hold, and run,
 And quite forsake his former Garrison.
 She'll take no Pity on the Old-man's Age,
 She'll pay him off, for all his Wrath and Rage,
 And cursed Pride, and Malice, ev'ry Sin
 Which of long time he has the Author been.
 'Tis she can work upon the Covetous,
 And change his Heart, to keep an open House,
 To give and to distribute of his Store,
 To the Cloathing and Refreshing of the Poor,
 'Tis she brings down the proud and lofty Mind,
 Which nat'rally was to that Vice inclin'd.
 'Tis she can tame the wild strong-headed Youth,
 And make the Lyar always tell the Truth.
 'Tis she which makes the Froward very Meek,
 And the Revengeful not Revenge to seek.
 'Tis she which quenches Young mens lustful Fire,
 And makes them to disdain that base Desire.
 'Tis she will make thy Soul for to defy
 Each Dalilah and all Hypocrisy.
 She's like to Wine and Oil, and will give Peace,
 And inward Joy, which never more will cease.
 'Tis she must put Christ's blessed Robes on thee,
 And bring thy Soul out of Captivity.
 'Tis she must thee adorn and beautify,
 And make thee lovely in Christ Jesus Eye.

Oh!

Oh! she'll inflame thy Soul with precious Love
 To Christ alone, which none shall e'er remove.
 'Tis she that tyes that Conjugal blest Knot,
 Which can't be broken, or ever be forgot
 'Tis she that makes Christ and the Saints but One,
 And makes them of his very Flesh and Bone.
 'Tis she will help thee in the time of Need,
 Yea, a Disciple will make thee indeed.
 And this to see I also must declare,
 Thou of this Grace shalt have a Part and Share;
 Since 'twas for thee thy Precious Lord did die,
 He can't thy Soul of saving Grace deny.
 Give him no Rest till more he doth give forth,
 For to compleat thee in a second Birth.
 Be earnest with him, strive to hold him fast,
 And thou, like *Jacob*, wilt prevail at last.
 Tho' he at first may seem to stop an Ear,
 Yet Importunity will make him hear.
 Thy time, I'm sure, it is the time of Love;
 And thy deep Wounds will make him from above,
 To pity thee, and for to cast an Eye,
 As thou polluted in thy Blood dost lie:
 Yea, manifest to thee such Consolation,
 As for to cloath thee with his own Salvation.
 Come make a Tryal, and do not despair,
 Look up to Heav'n, Soul, thy Help is there.

Youth.

Thy Counsel I resolve to take with Speed,
 If 'twas for me Christ on the Cross did bleed:
 I will send up a Sigh, a bitter Groan,
 And earnestly implore his gracious Throne.
 O Most Holy God, who dwellest in the Light,
 Oh! what am I before thee in thy Sight?

Wilt thou attend, or listen to my Cry ?
 Thou knowst my Grief, and where my Pain doth lie !
 Canst thou not ease my deeply wounded Soul,
 Who in my Blood am forc'd to lie and roul ?
 Is there no Balm in Gilead ? is there none ?
 Into dark Silence then, Lord, I'll be gone.
 Where are thy Bowels ? is thy Mercy fled ?
 Lord, think upon the Blood Christ Jesus shed.
 If thou can't heal my Soul of all its Grief,
 Then let me perish without all Relief.
 Why were thy Sides so pierced ? Lord Jesus, why
 Didst suffer for mine own Iniquity ?
 There was no Sin, I'm sure, nor Guilt in thee,
 That caus'd thy Pains, didst thou not die for me ?
 Didst thou not Justice fully satisfy ?
 And pay the Debt ? must I in Prison lie,
 When Restitution's made i'th' highest Degree ;
 Oh ! come and set my Soul at Liberty.
 Knock off these Bolts and Chains, and bring me forth
 Out of this Pit, deep Mire, and Bands of Death.
 Lord, must I bleed ? did I not bleed before,
 In thy sad Wounds ? can Justice challenge more ?
 Lord, dost thou hear the Ravens when they cry ?
 And wilt thou not at all my Wants supply ?
 Wilt thou the Door of Mercy ne'er unlock ?
 Lord, open unto me, now I do knock.
 O Son of *David*, help ; think on thy Word,
 And unto me some Mercy, Lord, afford.

Jesus.

What Voice is this ? Who is't that makes this Cry ?
 What sinful Wretch is in Extremity,
 That thus implores for Help, and follows me ;
 That takes no Nay, although I silent be ?

Pouth.

Pouth.

Ah! Lord, 'tis a dejected Piece of Earth,
That is undone, and sighs for a new Birth.

Jesus.

Was I not only sent to *Jacob's Race*?
How com'st thou then to have so bold a Face,
To importune me, when you know full well
You are not of the Stock of *Israel*?

Pouth.

Ah! help, dear Lord, and some Compassion show,
For to whom else, or whither can I go?

Jesus.

Is't meet that I should give to Dogs that Bread,
With which the Children should be nourished?

Pouth.

True, Lord, that I do grant, and ever shall;
Yet may the Dogs eat up those Crums that fall
From their own Master's Table; tho' a Whelp,
Look, look on me, O! precious Saviour, help.

Jesus.

What aileth thee? poor Soul, what's thy Condition,
That makes thee shed these Tears of sad Contrition?

Pouth.

My Grief, my Pain, and great Extremity,
Lord, thou dost know, and all my Wants dost see;
Ah; I have sinn'd, and am so vile and base,
I hate my Sin, and loath my present Case.
I languish, Lord, my Wounds they are not small,
And I have wounded thee, that's worst of all.

Jesus.

Come, cease thy Grief, what is't thou dost desire?
My Soul doth melt, my Heart is set on Fire.

My Bowels yearn, I longer can't refrain;
 From Tears as well as thee, I'm in Pain:
 Thy Wounds afflict me, and thy bitter Cry
 Doth pierce my Heart, I know thy Misery.
 What is it, Soul? Speak forth thy Mind to me;
 What dost thou crave, or shall I do for thee?
 Come, ope thy Heart to me for I am nigh,
 Thy Suit to grant, thy Wants for to supply:

Wouth.

'Tis not for Riches, nor for Pleasure here,
 Nor Honours which by Men so prized are:
 Nor Length of Days, Lord, do I seek, or crave,
 'Tis something else, my Soul doth long to have.
 The Earth's a Blast, and all the World's a Bubble,
 There's nothing in't can ease me of my Trouble.
 Such is my State, nought but thy Hands can save,
 'Tis thou must raise dead *Laz'rus* from the Grave.
 Knock off these Bolts, and set thy Pris'ner free,
 And give thy Grace, Lord Jesus, unto me.
 My fainting Spirits comfort and refresh,
 O spare my Soul, but crucify the Flesh.
 Compleat thy Work, Lord Jesus, on my Heart,
 And thy own Righteousness to me impart.
 There's nought, I see, will do me any good,
 But the dear Merits of thy precious Blood.
 My bleeding Soul will faint away and die,
 If thou dost not thy Blood with Speed apply.
 How hath my panting Breast sent many a Groan,
 With bitter Tears up to thy gracious Throne,
 For one sweet Look, and Aspect of thine Eye!
 There's nothing else that will me satisfy.
 Oh! manifest thy Love unto my Soul,
 For that will cure me, and soon make me whole.

My

My great Request, alas! is only this,
 Come, seal thy Love to me with a sweet Kiss :
 For nought is there on Earth, or Heav'n above,
 Which I esteem, or value like thy Love.
 A Promise grant, some Word to lie upon,
 Before my Life, and little Hopes are gone,
 My Soul's afraid, and trembles, thou may'st see,
 Because I know that I unworthy be.
 How did I grieve, and put thy Soul in Pain?
 The Thoughts of which doth cut my Heart in twain.
 Thy Messengers, how did my Soul refuse?
 And did poor Conscience wickedly abuse,
 Who did receive Commiſſion from Above,
 Either to clear, or sharply to reprove?
 I unto Truth oft-times turned a deaf Ear,
 And unto Satan rather did adhere.
 I slighted thee, and Sin I did embrace,
 Which makes me blush to view thy Heav'nly Face.
 If thou should'st pardon such a one as I,
 And save my Soul to all Eternity;
 And me embrace in a Contract of Love,
 And all thy Wrath for ever quite remove;
 It would be Grace, and Love beyond Degree,
 And such which never can expressed be.
 Oh! wilt thou speak again; dear Saviour do?
 A Promise, Lord, or I'll not let thee go.

Jesus.

What Faith hast thou, poor Soul? can'st thou believe,
 And stedfastly my Benefits receive?
 Dost think that I have Power, and an Heart,
 To save, to help, to free thee from thy Smart?

Mouth.

My Faith, alas! is weak, O send Relief;
 Lord, I believe, O help my Unbelief!

That precious Voice which lately I did hear,
 Will soon remove my Doubts, and all my Fear.
 If Love, as well as Pity, thou dost show,
 'Twill give me Joy, and take away my Wo.
 But thou may'st, Lord, my Soul commiserate,
 And yet may it be in a dying State.
 Over Jerusalem thou didst lament,
 Which had no saving Grace for to repent.
 Is there in thee such Bowels of Compassion,
 As to bestow thyself, and thy Salvation,
 On such a Worm as I, whose wounded Breast,
 Is heavy loaded, and would fain have Rest?
 O help, dear Lord, my fainting Soul will dye,
 Without an Answer from thee speedily.

Jesus.

Look upon me, and see my Love descending,
 'Tis from Eternity, and has no Ending.
 Canst thou have more, O Soul? thou hast my Heart,
 Whate'er is mine, to thee I will impart.
 Thy scarlet Sins are washed quite away,
 Not one of them unto thy Charge I'll lay.
 Pull up thy drooping Heart, be of good Chear,
 Thy Sins, tho' ne'er so great, forgiven are.
 I able am to save to th' uttermost
 All those who do put in me all their Trust.
 Those who do come to me, I in no wise
 Will cast them out; therefore lift up thine Eyes.
 Behold my Hands and Feet, and do not doubt,
 For I have wash'd and cleans'd thy Soul throughout.
 Thy Debts I've paid, and quitted the old Score,
 Thy former Faults I'll ne'er remember more.
 Chear up thy Heart, I tell thee, thou art mine,
 My Soul was shed to save that Soul of thine.

With

With endless Joys thy Soul I'll satisfy,
 And in my Bosom ever thou shalt lie.
 In my enfolded Arms I now thee take,
 And do engage I'll never thee forsake.
 In Sicknes I'll be with thee to the End,
 And Death at last I'll cause to be thy Friend,
 Making its final Passage unto thee,
 Only an Entrance to Felicity.
 When with great Glory thou shalt crowned be,
 Seated for ever on the Throne with Me.
 The World, Death, nor the Devil shall remove
 My Heart from thee : For those I truly love,
 I love to th' End. Come Soul, and be
 Blest in my Arms to all Eternity.

Poeth.

Darkness is gone, Day-light begins to spring,
 Heav'n's Melody I find the sweetest Thing.
 The Sun is risen, now it's broken forth;
 And gloriously enlightens my dark Earth.
 My Soul is ravish'd with this joyful Sight;
 Yea, 'tis dissolv'd with Love, and true Delight.
 My Heart is melted with celestial Fire,
 And has obtain'd at length its own Desire.
 My frozen Soul must needs run down amain,
 Which, such hot Beams from Jesus doth obtain.
 The Door is open'd at my Saviour's Knock,
 He made it fly, and has dissolv'd the Rock.
 My heart, which was so hard, is made to yield,
 Christ has o'ercome me now, and won the Field.
 The War is ceas'd between the Lord and I;
 And Peace is made to all Eternity.
 What Joy like this, which is beyond all Measure?
 There's nothing like to inward Joy and Pleasure.

As was my burthen'd Soul, so was my Rest,
 Oh! that was great, and this can't be express'd.
 Once I was blind, senseless, bewitch'd, nay mad,
 I thought in Christ no Comfort to be had.
 Religion was, I thought, a foolish thing,
 Which could no Pleasure, nor no Profit bring.
 I thought Professors gently were misled,
 When I beheld what things they suffered;
 But now I am convinc'd of my Mistake,
 For I myself could die for Christ Jesus Sake,
 Any Derision, or Affliction bear;
 Such inward Peace in him, and Joy is there.
 What Man would not all earthly Glory slight,
 For one small Dram of Jesus Christ's Delight?
 O happy me! I live, my Soul involv'd
 In Streams of Love, doth sigh to be dissolv'd,
 And be with Christ, my Home and resting Place,
 There to enjoy and see him Face to Face.
 And in the int'rim, Lord, whilst here I stay,
 I faithfully will do what thou dost say.
 And help me, Lord, thy Praise for to declare
 Unto all precious Children far and near.
 O help me to lift up my Voice on high,
 Let joyful Hallelujahs pierce the Sky,
 And ecchoing back again resound on Earth,
 Since thou hast wrought in me the second Birth.
 Let me with the celestial Angels sing,
 And make thy Praises round the World to ring:
 Thou'st brought my Soul out of the lowest Pit,
 And on the Paths of Sion set my Feet.
 O let my Tongue, my Heart, and Life make known
 The Favour, Lord, which thou to me hast shown.
 Let not Reminders of the Flesh disturb
 My precious Peace that's new: O do thou curb,

Yea,

Yea, kill and crucify each Evil Thought.
 With Vengeance let those Rebels down be brought
 And let me on the Earth live all my Days,
 Unto thy Glory and transcendent Praise.

Truth.

What Melody and Triumph do I hear?
 Whose Voice is this that soundeth in mine Ear?
 What Soul so Eagle-ey'd thus soars on high;
 That with swift Wings pierces the Azure Sky,
 And in eternal Love seems to lie down,
 Adorn'd with Grace, and ravish'd with the Crown
 Of inward Peace; that makes his Place of Rest
 In Jesus Christ's sweet satisfying Breast,
 And breaking forth in Raptures, can't express,
 As he would do, his humble Thankfulness?

YOUTH.

'Tis I, blest Truth, the Conquest now is won;
 Grace has prevail'd, I am the conquer'd One.
 My Grief is turn'd to Joy; yea, and my Night
 Is also chang'd into eternal Light.
 Thy Power is great when Grace doth work with thee,
 You soon do then obtain the Victory.
 Blest be the Day that ever thou wast sent
 To change my Heart, and move me to repent.
 Dear Love to thee, O Truth, I shall retain,
 So long as I upon the Earth remain.
 I'll keep thee close, and hide thee in my Heart,
 For thou more precious than rich Jewels art.
 I'll lose my All, before I'll part with thee,
 So much I love and prize thy Company.
 Though Satan stir up Foes never so cruel,
 Nor Devils, nor Men shall rob me of my Jewels.
 I am resolv'd a thousand Deaths to die,
 Before I will God's blessed Truth deny.

Tho' of Deceivers there's a Multitude,
 Yet none of them shall my poor Soul delude.
 Tho' they do slight, reproach me, and contemn,
 I, by Experience, can confute all them,
 Who say, thy Words nought but dead Letters are,
 Which Men may burn, and into Pieces tear :
 The Out-side of the Book they only see,
 Who thus do speak reproachfully of thee.
 For did they but thy inward Power know,
 They'd never speak as often-times they do.
 But soon they would God's holy Word extol
 Above that *Light* which they cry up in all ;
 The *Light* which *Conscience* unto me doth give,
 I'll always own, so long as I do live.
 For had we not God's Word to light our Hearts,
 The Heathen, who do live in foreign Parts,
 Who never heard of Christ, might understand
 As much as any do in this our Land.
 But I'll forbear, because I must with Speed
 Attend upon God's Truth with Care and Heed,
 To hear what he will say. O *Truth* ! wilt thou
 Concerning me put forth thy Judgment now ?
 Let me intreat thee, prove me thoroughly,
 For still I do retain a Jealousy
 Over my Heart, because I now have seen
 How I deceived oftentimes have been.

Truth.

¶ *Conscience*, to thee I once more do descend,
 The Controversy thou alone must end.
 How is it with him now ? What hast to say ?
 Hast any thing unto his Charge to lay ?
 Remember what I formerly have shown,
 And let thy present Thoughts with Speed be known.

Con.

Conscience.

I always Judgment ready am to give,
According to the Light which I receive.
The Case is alter'd, Sir, I am his Friend,
His sweet Condition I must needs commend.
Grace has subdu'd Corruption in his Heart,
That he's made clean, and wash'd in every Part.
My *Testimony* you may take for Truth,
He's now become a very humble Youth.
He's truly godly, faithful, and sincere;
I do for him a faithful Witness bear.
His Soul all kind of Evil doth defy,
Hating, above all things, Hypocrisy:
Will and Affection too are changed quite,
And in the Lord alone is his Delight;
There's no Command of Christ, not any one
That he's convinced of, but he has done.
He faithfully also the Lord obeys,
Without Excuses, Put-offs, or Delays.
He grieveth most for Sins that secret are,
Which unto Man doth not i'th' least appear,
He's more in Substance than he is in Show,
When high'st in Joy, his Heart is very low.
All his own Righteousness he doth disown,
Relying quite on Jesus Christ alone.
Christ is become so precious in his Sight,
He's first with him at Morn, and then at Night.
He willingly has taken up the Cross;
He doth account whatever else but Dross.
He parts with it most freely Christ to gain,
Since he has found Earth's best Enjoyments vain.
Christ he exalts as King i'th' highest Degree,
And gives each Office its true Dignity.

Christ

Christ has in me set up his blessed Throne,
 And over me no other King he'll own.
 Christ must in me alone the Sceptre sway,
 For he will die before he will give Way.
 Christ's Right and Sov'reignty in his dear Soul,
 He is resolv'd to suffer no Controul,
 In Things alone which to me appertain,
 For fear thereby Christ's Glory he should stain.

Truth.

Oh! happy Young-man, blessed from above,
 Blessed with Grace, and ravish'd with the Love
 Of thy eternal Lord, in whose sweet Breast
 Thou now dost lie, and evermore shalt rest.
 Your Honour's lasting now, it can't decay,
 Your Treasure's sure, none can't steal away.
 Your Pleasures are beyond Thought or Conceit,
 And thy rare Beauty is without Deceit.
 Eternal Life is given unto thee,
 And thou shalt reign to all Eternity.

Utrinus.

There's none on Earth that's able to express
 The inward Peace this Young man doth possess.
 Whilst to his Joy, he clearly doth espy
 The blessed Concord, and rare Harmony;
 Conscience and Truth most sweetly do agree,
 He's free from Bondage and Captivity.
 Christ's Spirit doth with Conscience Witness bear,
 He's born of God, and is become an Heir,
 With his dear Saviour, of eternal Bliss;
 What Consolation can there be like this?
 But whilst thus fill'd with Joy and true Delight,
 The Devils fall on him with all their Might,
 With strong Assaults, his Faith for to destroy,
 Which much abates, and mitigates his Joy:

Which

Which in some measure may to you appear,
By what immediately doth follow here.

Devil.

Hark, hark thou cursed Wretch, Vengeance is mine,
And I'll repay it on that Soul of thine,
In dreadful Wrath, I will contend with thee,
If thou wilt not again submit to me.
Will not my shining Glory thee invite,
Nor all my hellish Friends thy Soul affright,
To leave those cursed Ways in which you go?
Then I'll some Way contrive your Overthrow:
Though out of your Dominion I am beat,
And forced am at present to retreat,
Yet I'll return like to a Lion strong,
And break thy Bones in Pieces 'fore it's long.

Man.

Father of Lyes, Dost think I dread thy Frown?
It's past thy Skill to throw my Glory down:
Thy Head is broken, thou art beaten too,
And chained up; alas! thou canst not do
According to thy Wrath and cursed Spite.
Christ's Power's mine, who stronger is in Might?
Me he'll not leave tho' tempted am by thee,
Yet he knows how to help, and succour me.
The God of Heav'n and Earth will take my part,
Tho' thou a Lion and a Serpent art.
You may as soon the Lord my God o'ercome,
As to produce and work my final Doom,
So long as I do for his Glory stand,
And am obedient to his Command.

Devil.

But I have so much Craft and Subtilty,
That I can make the Lord thine Enemy.

Thou

Tho' thou dost think he is become thy Friend,
 I'll by Temptation move thee to offend
 Him 'fore 'tis long, and soon you will espy
 In Anger he will cast you wholly by,
 Rend thee to Bits, and tear thee as he list,
 You being void of Power to resist.

Wouth.

God has bestow'd on me his special Grace,
 That I abhor the Thoughts of giving Place
 To thee, O Satan! tho' thou dost entice,
 God will preserve my Soul from deadly Vice;
 But if thro' Weakness I do him offend,
 Jesus my Advocate will Pardon send.
 Altho' he use his Rod, his precious Love,
 I'm sure from me he never will remove.

Devil.

Your Hopes will fail, alas! black Clouds will hide
 Your glorious Sun, your Steps will quickly slide:
 Your Morning bright will soon be overcast,
 And all your Joys will not one Moment last.
 Tho' Truth doth now thy present State commend,
 Yet you will find this Proverb true i' th' End,
That the Young Saint will an old Devil be;
 You'll die and perish in Apostasy

Wouth.

'Cause thou hast lost thy former happy State,
 With Malice thou stirr'st up thy bitter Hate.
 Against my Soul thou shew'st a mortal Spite,
 But thy vile Teeth are broke, thou canst not bite.
 Thou dost on me cast such an envious Frown,
 Because thou hast for ever lost thy Crown.
 Because thy Morning's turned into Night,
 Dost think thou shalt my Soul amaze and fright

With

With such ensnaring Thoughts? I thee defy,
Nothing can break that blessed Band and Tye,
Or Covenant with Christ which he has made;
My Standing's firm, my Crown can never fade:
He that has in my Soul his Work begun,
Will finish it, I'm sure, before he's done.
This Shepherd will his tender Sheep defend,
And none shall pluck them out of his Hand:
The Mountains shall depart, and Hills remove,
Yet Christ shall never change in his dear Love;
Nor cause his Covenant of lasting Peace
To be removed, or sweet Mercy cease:
And Truth and Conscience jointly to agree,
That the New Birth is truly wrought in me.
Th'immortal Seed, I'm sure, must needs bring forth
A Babe immortal; and my Heav'nly Birth
Doth show to all, and clearly signify,
I cannot perish in Apostasy;
The Head and Members of one Nature are,
Or else Christ's Body a strange Monster were:
As sure as he's in Heav'n, so shall I be,
And reign with him to all Eternity.

Devil.

My Words, I see, no Place at all can find
Within the Centre of thy evil Mind.
I'll leave thee therefore, with my dreadful Curse,
Which is as bad as Hell; nay, it is worse
Than all the Plagues of the infernal Lake;
And let all those who love me, Vengeance take
Upon so vile a Wretch: And tho' I do
Forsake thee now, within a Day or two
I'll come again, and will thy Soul torment,
Till thou of thy Repentance shalt repent.

Fourth.

90 *The Young-man's Thanksgiving.*

Truth.

O Lord, I praise thee for that glorious Power
Which helps my Soul in such a needful Hour
Of strong Assaults from the vile wicked One,
Thou help'st me to resist him, and he's gone.
Therefore, dear God, be pleased to inflame
My Heart with Grace to magnify thy Name.
And when he comes again; O then be near,
And let thy Truth also for me appear;
Tho' I am young and weak, I shall thereby
Not fear th' Assault of any Enemy.
Come, speak, O Truth, wilt thou be on my Side?
'Tis in thy Strength I very much confide;
Tho' I am feeble, thou art rightly strong,
And whilst for me, there's none can do me wrong.

Truth.

I will, dear Soul, support thee here on Earth,
And save thee from the Rage of Hell and Death.
I will assist thee by a mighty Arm,
Preserve thee Day and Night from Hurt and Harm.
And with my glitt'ring Sword cut down and slay
All cursed Enemies who thee gainsay.

Grace.

If Truth should fail, I will thy Wants supply;
Thou need'st not doubt of my Sufficiency:
Light I will be in Darkness, Joy in Grief;
And when in Trouble great, I'll bring Relief.
If thou wilt always on my Arm rely,
The Devil will with Speed be forc'd to fly.
Never did any Soul on me depend,
But they obtain'd Deliv'rance in the End.
I'll help thy Soul through all its Christian Strife,
And bring thee safe to everlasting Life,

Conscience.

I'll be the third that will lend thee an Hand,
We'll all combine to make a Triple Band ;
A three fold Cord can't easily broken be,
I'll be a Friend in thine Adversity.
There's not a Foe on Earth thou need'st to fear,
So long as I for thee my Witness bear,
That thou in Truth dost walk before the Lord,
And that thy Way doth with his Word accord.
The evil Foe shall be ashamed quite,
Whilst faithfully thou walk'st up to the Light;
And Satan can never get any Ground,
Whilst I declare thy Tears are truly sound.
Chear up, poor Soul, I'll feast thee constantly,
And plead for thee against the Enemy.
I as an Angel am sent from on high,
Thy Faith in Jesus Christ to justify.
My Wine of Comfort I'll on thee bestow,
When Death shall bring thy wearied Spirits low.
God's Word shall be thy Ground in ev'ry thing,
His Glory is thy Aim, from whence does spring
All Service that thou dost towards the Lord ;
His Spirit therefore to thee he'll afford.
That doth bear Witness for thee ; so do I,
And will a' to when that thou com'st to die.

The Young Man is comforted, and relies on God's Word; finding true Conversion wrought in his Soul, and that he is deliver'd from the Power of the Tempter, breaks forth into these following Hymns of Prayer and Praise to God.



A mystical Hymn of Praise.

MY Soul mounts up with Eagle's Wings,
 And unto thee, dear Lord, she sings,
 Since thou art on my Side,
 My Enemies are forced to fly
 As soon as they do thee espy,
 Thy Name be glorify'd.
 Thou makest Rich by making Poor;
 By Poverty add'st to my Store,
 Such Grace thou dost provide;
 Thou wound'st, as well as thou makest Whole,
 And heal'st, by Wounding of the Soul,
 Thy Name be glorify'd.

Thou mak'st Men blind by giving Sight,
Thou turn'st their Darkness into Light;
These things can't be deny'd:

Thou cloath'st the Soul by making Bare,
Thou givest Food when none is there,
Thy Name be glorify'd.

Thou kill'st, by making Men alive,
And dying, dost the Soul revive,
Which none can do beside:

Thou dost raise up by pulling down,
And by abasing thou dost crown,
Thy Name be glorify'd.

By making Bitter thou mak'st sweet;
Thou mak'st each crooked thing to meet,
Thy Soul, when thou hast try'd.

The fruitless Tree thou mak'st to grow,
The green Tree thou dost overthrow;
Thy Name be glorify'd.

Who Conquered the Conquest gains;
Who being beat, the Field obtains,
Which makes me therefore cry,
And whilst I live upon the Earth,
And thou hast wrought a second Birth,
Thy Name be glorify'd.

Thou mak'st Men Wise by coming Fools;
By emptying thou fill'st their Souls;
Such Grace thou dost provide:

By making weary thou giv'st Rest;
Which seems worse proves for the best;
Thy Name be glorify'd.

Thou art far off, and also near,
Not confin'd; but every where;
And on the Clouds dost ride.

Thou art Love, and also Light;
Which none can go out of thy Sight;
Thy Name be glorify'd.

Lord, thou art Great and also Good,
 And sit'st upon the mighty Flood;
 By whom all Hearts are try'd :
 Though Thou art Three, and art but One,
 And comprehended art by none,
 Thy Name be glorified.

The Excellence of Peace of Conscience.

MY Conscience is become my Friend,
 And chearfully doth speak to me;
 And I will to his Motions bend,
 Though that I should reproached be,
 I matter not who doth revile,
 Since Conscience in my Face doth smile.
 My Conscience now doth give me Rest,
 My Burden's gone, my Soul is free;
 Again I would not be oppress'd
 In the old Bands of Misery.
 For Kingdoms, nor for Crowns of Gold,
 Nor any thing that can be told;
 My Conscience doth with precious Food
 Keep my poor Soul continually;
 In Dainties also are so good,
 All sinful Sweets I do defy.
 This Banquet's lasting, 'twill supply
 My Wants and me until I die.
 My Conscience doth me chearful make,
 When I am much possess'd with Grief;
 And when I suffer for it's Sake,
 'Twill yield me Joy and sweet Relief.
 Tho' Troubles rise, and much increase,
 I in my Conscience shall have Peace.
 When others to the Mountains fly,
 And some amazed do trembling stand,

A Place of Shelter there have I,
 And Conscience will lend me his Hand,
 To lock me in his Chambers fast,
 Until the Indignation's past:
 At Death and in the Judgment-Day,
 What would Men give for such a Friend?
 All those which do him disobey,
 They will repent I'm sure, i'th'end.
 When such are forc'd to Howl and Cry,
 My Soul shall sing eternally.

On the Six Principles of Christ's Doctrine.

Repentance is wrought in my Soul,

And Faith for to Believe;

Whereby on Jesus I do roul,

And truly him receive.

As my dread Lord and Sovereign,

him always to Obey,

and in things over me to Reign,

and Govern every Day.

Christ's Baptism is very sweet,

with laying on of Hands:

My Soul is brought to Jesus Feet,

in owning his Commands.

those Ordinances Men oppose,

and count as carnal things,

have clos'd with, and told to those,

from them rare Comfort springs.

O precious Lord I must obey,

tho' Men reproach me still.

I do whatever Christ doth say,

and yield unto his Will.

In Christ alone I do rely,

tho' Men judge otherwise.

—Because

96 *Hymns and Spiritual Songs.*

Because I can't God's Truth deny,
 I am reproach'd with Lies.
 Let them deride, yet for Christ's Sake,
 resolved now am I,
 In his own Strength the Cross to take;
 yea, and for him to die,
 Before I'll ever turn my Back
 on him whom I do love:
 For I do know, I shall not lack
 his Presence from above:
 For he has promis'd to the End.
 to me he will be near,
 And be to me a faithful Friend,
 which makes me not to fear
 Whatever Men or Devils do
 in secret Place design,
 He soon can them quite overthrow,
 and help this Soul of mine.
 The Resurrection of the Dead
 I constantly maintain:
 When all those which lie Buried
 shall rise to Life again.
 And that the Judgment-Day will come;
 when Christ upon the Throne,
 Shall pass a black Eternal Doom
 upon each wicked One:
 But all the Saints then joyfully
 with Bowels he'll embrace,
 And Crowns to all Eternity
 upon their Heads will place.
 And in the Kingdom shall they reign,
 prepared long before;
 And also shall with Christ remain
 in Bliss for evermore.

THE Sun doth now begin to shine,
and breaketh forth yet more and more,
Meer Darknes was that Light of mine
which I commended heretofore :

I was involved in my Sin,
Had Day without, but Night within.
My former Days I did compare
unto the sweet and lovely Spring,
I thought that Time it was as rare,
as when the chirping Birds do sing.

But I was blind, for now I see
There was no Spirit nor Life in me.
My Spring it was in Winter-time ;
Yet like the Midst of cold *December*,
The Sun was gone out of my Clime ;
and also I do now remember,
My Heart was cold as any Stone,
My Leaves were off, my Sap was gone.
God is a Sun, a Shield also ;
the Glory of the World is He.

True Light alone from him doth flow,
and he has now enlightned me.
The Sun doth his sweet Beams display,
Like to the Dawning of the Day.
How precious is't to see the Sun,
when in the Morning it doth rise,
And shineth in our Horizon,
to purify the cloudy Skies ?

The misty Fogs by his strong Light
Are vanished quite out of Sight.
Thus doth the Lord in my poor Heart,
by his strong Beams, and glorious Rays,
The Light from Darknes clearly part,
And make in me rare shining Days.

98 *Hymns and Spiritual Songs.*

Though Fogs appear, and Clouds do rise;
 He doth expel them from mine Eyes.
 Were there no glorious Lamp above,
 what dark Confusion would be there?
 If God should quite the Sun remove,
 how would the Seamen do to steer?
 My Soul's the World, and Christ's the Sun;
 If he shines not, I am undone.
 In Winter, Things hang down their Head,
 until *Sol's* Beams do them revive;
 So I in Sin lay buried,
 'till Jesus Christ made me a live,
 Alas, my Heart was Ice and Snow,
 'Till Sun did shine and Winds did blow:
 Until warm Gales of Heavenly Wind
 did sweetly blow, and Sun did dart
 Its Light in me, I could not find
 no Heat within my inward Part.
 Then blow thou Wind, and shine thou Sun,
 To make my Soul a lively One.
 In nat'ral Men there is a Light,
 which for their Sins doth them reprove,
 And yet are they but in the Night,
 and not renewed from above:
 The Moon is given (it is clear)
 To guide Men who in Darkness are.
 The Sun for Brightness doth exceed
 the Stars of Heaven, or the Moon,
 Of them there is but little need,
 when Sun doth Shine towards High Noon.
 Just so the Gospel doth excel
 The Law God gave to *Israh.*
 All those who do the Gospel flight,
 and rather have a Legal Guide,
 The Sun's not risen in their Sight,

and therefore 'tis that they deride
 Those who commend the Gospel-Sun,
 Above the Light in ev'ry one.
 Degrees of Light they do perceive,
 Some of them weak, and others strong;
 That which is Saving none receive,
 but those who unto Christ belong.
 Yet doth each Light serve for the End,
 For which to Man God did it send.

LET not the Sun eclipsed be,
 nor any dark Cloud interpose
 Between thy self (dear Christ) and me,
 who art that blessed *Sharon's* Rose:
 O! let thy Face upon me shine,
 Since thou, by Choice, hast made me thine.
 Always let me walk in thy Light,
 'till Grace doth me with Glory crown;
 Turn not my Morning into Night,
 nor ever let my Sun go down.
 O! let thy Face upon me shine,
 Since by dear Purchase I am thine.
 Let not thick Fogs, O Lord, arise
 from the gross Lumps of this dark Earth;
 To th' hiding of the glorious Skies,
 the Thoughts of that's as bad as Death;
 O! let thy Face upon me shine,
 Since by Adoption I am thine.
 Lord, let thy Morning be more bright,
 and thy Sun shine to th' perfect Day;
 And let mine Eyes have stronger Sight,
 that I behold its Glory may:
 O! let thy Face upon me shine,
 Since God, by Gift, has made thee mine.

Lord, shine and make my Heart more soft,
and temper it the Seal to take:

Make it according as it ought,

O do it for thy own Name's Sake.

O let thy Face upon me shine,

Since by sweet Contract I am thine:

The Light of thy dear Countenance,
it is the thing I only prize;

Let not therefore my Ignorance
darken the Light of my dim Eyes.

O let thy Face upon me shine,

Since I, by Faith, am wholly thine.

O be my Strength, my Light, my Guide,
always until I come to die;

And from thy Paths ne'er let me slide,
but light me to Eternity.

O let thy Face upon me shine,

For I myself to thee resign.

There's many, Lord, who daily cry,

Oh! who will shew us any Good?

'Tis in thyself, Lord, it doth lie,
although by few 'tis understood:

O let thy Face upon me shine,

For I by Conquest now am thine.

Lord, in the Light, I thee enjoy,
and with thy Saints Communion have,

No Devil can that Soul destroy,
whom thou intendest for to save.

O let thy Face upon me shine!

For I can say that thou art mine.

Let not the Sun only appear

for to enlighten my dark Heart;

But to poor Souls both far and near,

the self-same Glory, Lord, impart.

O let thy Face upon them shine,

Hymns and Spiritual Songs.

101

As it doth now, dear Lord, on mine.
Let Light and Glory so break forth,
and Darknes fly and quite be gone,
That all the Saints upon the Earth
may in the Truth be join'd in one.
O let thy Face so brightly shine,
As to discover who are thine.
Let Grace and Knowledge now abound;
and the blest Gospel shine so clear,
That it *Rome's* Harlot may confound,
and Popish Darknes quite cashier.
O let thy Face on *Sion* shine,
But plague those cursed Foes of thine.
Let *France*, dark *Spain*, and *Italy*,
thy Light and Glory, Lord, behold;
To each adjacent Country
do thou the Gospel plain unfold.
O let thy Face upon them shine,
That all those Nations may be thine.
Let Christendom new christ'ned be,
and unto thee, O let them turn,
And be baptiz'd, O Christ, by thee,
with th' Spirit of the Holy One.
O let thy Face upon it shine,
That Christendom may all be thine.
And carry on thy glorious Work
victoriously in ev'ry Land;
Let Tartars, and the mighty Turk,
subject themselves to thy Command
O let thy Face upon them shine,
That those blind People may be thine.
And let thy Brightness also go
to *Asia*, and to *Africa*;
Let *Egypt*, and *Assyria* too,

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submit unto thy blessed Laws,
 O! let thy Face upon them shine,
 That those dark Regions may be thine.
 Nay, precious God, let Light extend
 to *China*, and *East-India*,
 To thee let all the People bend,
 who live in wild *America*.
 O let thy blessed Gospel shine,
 That the blind Heathens may be thine.
 Send forth thy Light, like to the Moon,
 most swiftly, Lord, O let it fly,
 From *Cancer* unto *Capricorn*,
 that all dark Nations may espy
 Thy glorious Face, on them to shine,
 And they, in Christ, for to be thine.
 The Fulness of the *Gentiles*, Lord,
 bring in with speed: O let them fear
 Thy Name in Truth, with one accord,
 live they far off, or live they near;
 O! let thy Face upon them shine,
 And let us know, Lord, who are thine.
 And also, let the glorious News
 Of thy Salvation yield Relief
 Unto the sad distressed *Jews*,
 Who hardned are in Unbelief;
 O! let thy Face upon them shine,
 For *Abraham's* sake, that Friend of thine.
 O, don't forget poor *Israel*!
 But let thy Light, and glorious Rays,
 Cause their rare Beauty to excel,
 beyond what was in former Days:
 O! cause thy Face sweetly to shine,
 That *Jews* and *Gentiles* may be thine.
 O, let all Kingdoms now with speed,
 And all the Nations under Heaven,
 From all gross Darkness now be freed,
 That the Saints be given.

That

That they in Glory, Lord, may shine,
According to that Word of thine.

A N A P P E N D I X.

*Containing a Dialogue between an Old Apostate, and a
Young Professor.*

Apostate.

HOW many Straits and Crosses have I met,
Since I myself to seek for Canaan set?
Red Seas and Wildernesses lie between;
Why venture I for what I ne'er have seen?
Why can I not, where now I am, remain?
Or to my old Delights turn back again?
My Head has been perplext with Cares and Fears,
Since to these Preachers I inclin'd mine Ears,
They were but Fancies that disturb'd my Mind,
I sought for something which I could not find.
Ah! would to God, in Egypt I'd remain'd,
For there's no Canaan likely to be gain'd:
Conscience, be silent, don't disturb me more,
Upon such Things I will no longer pore:
For back to Egypt I will now retire,
Where I'll have all Things to my Heart's Desire.

Devil.

Pursue thy Purpose, thou shalt understand,
Whate'er I have shall be at thy Command,
My Kingdom's large, the World is wholly mine,
Bow down to me, and all shall then be thine.
Behold the Bags of Gold, which thou shalt have,
Honours on Earth, Riches and Pleasures brave:
When others forc'd in Prison, are to lie
Thou shalt enjoy thy precious Liberty.
When Kings and Princes do upon them frown,
Thou shalt be held in Honour and Renown.

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Thou hast much Goods laid up for many Years;
 And long shalt live free from all Cares and Fears.
 Thy Seed establish'd too shall be on Earth,
 And thou shalt spend thy Days in Joy and Mirth.
 Thoughts of Religion utterly disdain,
 Nor think of God, or Jesus Christ again;
 Fanatick Fables never more regard;
 The Pains of Hell, of which thou oft hast heard,
 Are nought but Fictions of their crafty Head,
 With Fear of nothing are they frightened.
 As for Religion, that's a devised thing,
 Which from some crafty Head at first did spring,
 To awe the Minds of Fools, who wanting Wit,
 Take that for Gold which is but Counterfeit.
 The Truth of Scriptures thou hast need to doubt,
 For divers Places thou may'st soon find out,
 Which inconsistent to each other be;
 Of what it speaks there is no Certainty.
 Conclude, in truth, there is no God at all;
 Why should'st thou be so foolish as to call
 On him, whom thou didst never see or know?
 Unless 'tis thus, Because that most do so.
 Let melancholy Fancies then therefore
 Ne'er vex thy Mind, nor grieve thee any more;
 Enjoy thyself on Earth, and heap up Gold,
 No Good like that which Purse and Bags do hold.
 Come eat and drink, to-morrow thou must die,
 And after that, there's no Eternity,
 As some suppose; for thou i'th' Grave shalt rot,
 And as the Beast be utterly forgot;
 But since you know it is Reproach to them,
 Who will Religion utterly contemn,
 Thou may'st Religious also seem to be,
 For there is none that's very fit for thee:

No Worship on the Earth doth suit so well
With Flesh and Blood, or doth for Ease excel:
Or with Man's Int'rest doth so well agree,
Like what's maintain'd in famous *Italy*:
That, that's the Worship, which for thee I pick,
I'm not against thy turning Catholick.
If there's a Heaven, of this thou need'st not doubt,
An easier Way for thee I can't find out:
The Way's so broad, whole Nations walk therein;
And Persons of all Sorts: No Let is Sin;
Wast thou at *Rome*, thou'dst hear melodious Sounds,
Sweet Joys and Mirth in Plenty there abounds:
Fine Boys and Men harmonious Notes do sing,
Whilst Organs play in Concert, and Bells ring,
In that brave Way thou'lt have the Liberty
To do such Things as others do deny.
Thou may'st be Mad, Carouse, and Domineer;
Strict *Roman* Catholicks such Things can bear.
Or if thou should'st some curious Lady spy,
Or view some pretty Maid with wanton Eye;
To Court or Play thou need'st not fear at all,
For all such Things they Venial Sins do call.
And one great Help and Remedy thou'lt have,
Which from all Grief and Danger will thee save.
If it fall out by Chance at any time,
Thou should'st committ some great and heavy Crime,
There's a quick Way, the Blessed Absolution,
A present Help, and yet no Superstition;
For a small Sum of Money, soon is had
A Pardon for all Sins, tho' ne'er so bad.
His Holiness for a few Shillings can
Murder and Perjury forgive to Man.
Nay, unto thee can grant a Dispensation,
To Kill and Murder any in a Nation,

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Who hate us, and the Holy Church oppose;
 Come, trouble not thyself, but straitway close
 With *Peter's Church*, to whom such Pow'r is given
 To ope and shut with Ease the Gates of Heaven,
 And make that Sin to Day that ne're was Sin;
 And that Lawful, which Lawful ne'er has been.
 Come, buy the Beads, and Crucifix also;
 And as the Church believes, believe thou too.
 For this, I hope to see, e'er a few Days,
 Some thousands cleaving to those ancient Ways.
 And since in Kindness and Affection dear,
 I've shewn thee how to be preferred here;
 And do engage thy faithful Friend to be,
 There's some small thing I'd have thee do for me;
 Speak Evil of the Ways thou hast been in,
 Belye them all, and charge them all with Sin:
 Their Faults lay ope, let none at all be hid,
 Revile; reproach, and slander in my Stead:
 Shew how they differ, that they can't agree,
 There's little Love, and Want of Charity.
 Of *Canaan Land* raise thou an ill Report,
 To turn them back that are a going for't.
 One thing at present I would have thee do,
 There is a Friend of mine, which thou dost know,
 Who hath a Son indeed that is his Heir,
 That to these foolish Notions doth adhere,
 If he should visit thee, with Speed do thou
 Treat with the peevish Youth; I'll tell thee how
 To controvert the Cause; my Place supply,
 And do what I could not do formerly.
 His forward Zeal will do my Kingdom Wrong,
 Cause others also in that Way do throng:
 And you shall also some Derision bear,
 Through his Hot Zeal, if that you ha'nt a Care.

Ulcinus.

Cicinus.

The Thoughts of which *Satan* darts in his Mind,
 He closeth with, and fully is inclined
 His Counsel for to take, whate'er become
 Of his poor Soul at the great Day of Doom.
 An Atheist he's become in Heart and Life,
 And hath abandon'd all his Christian Strife.
 But since the Gentleman and he are met,
 I will give way, and hearken how they treat
 About this Youth, that has of late begun
 Resolvedly to Heaven for to run,
 You'll hear how this Apostate will engage
 To turn him from his blessed Pilgrimage.

Apostate.

What my old Friend, *E. R.*? Sir, I am glad
 To see you once again; yet I am sad,
 And grieved sore, to see you look so ill:
 What Evil, Sir, I pray, has you beset?
 What is the Cause of this your present Grief?
 If I can give, or help you to Relief,
 Or comfort you i'th' least, I willing am,
 And shall rejoice, for which I hither came.

Gent.

Ah! Sir, my Son, my Heir, doth grieve my Mind,
 From whom I once more Comfort hop'd to find;
 And, I'm afraid, he'll prove a Plague to me,
 Unless he can with Speed recover'd be.
 He'll be a Preacher, I do think, e'er long,
 He's such a Bookish Fool, and so head-strong,
 That I have little Hopes he'll e'er be good;
 Here's Cause of Grief, if rightly understood;
 He is become so vile a Heretick,
 That *Rome's* good Church, and the true Catholick,
 Most vilely, I perceive, he doth disdain,
 And doth, forsooth, tell me he's Born again,
 I do beseech you, Sir, do what you can,
 If you can't change his Mind, there's not a Man,

I think, in Truth, that ever will prevail;
 Oh arm yourself therefore, and him assail.~
 You were deceiv'd yourself some time ago,
 And therefore now more able are to shew
 The Vanity of these devised Ways,
 And Bookish Fables of these silly Days.
 Having the Scripture in our Mother-Tongue,
 Has been the Ruin of us all along;
 For since Men did our Holy Church forsake,
 And up new Notions for Religion take,
 Nought but Confusions in the World we see;
 And otherwise, in Truth, 'twill never be,
 Until we Catholicks their Books do burn,
 And they unto the ancient Church do turn.
 Apostate.

I am, good Sir, of that Opinion too,
 And sorry am to hear what now you do
 Relate to me, I'll make him understand
 The Danger that attends on ev'ry Hand.
 The Hopes of unseen Things will him deceive,
 A Faith's but a meer Fancy, I believe:
 That's the chief Good which Man doth here enjoy,
 And that's the Evil which doth him annoy,
 Or doth deprive him of his Joy and Blis;
 None but Fanaticks will deny me this,
 Who boast of that they never did possess;
 They lye, alas! and are (in Truth) no less
 Than Frantick Fools; for I could never see
 Of what they speak, that there's a Certainty.
 I will endeavour therefore out of Love,
 Your Son from these Delusions to remove:
 And since I do perceive he's near at hand,
 I'll take my Leave,

Your Servant to command.

The

The PROLOGUE.

ATTE ND, dear Friend, read with a serious Eye,
 And thou a sharp Conflict shalt soon espy;
 Between a Man quite void of Godly Fear,
 And a dear Youth most Holy and Sincere;
 The one affirms all Godliness is vain,
 The other counts it for the greatest Gain:
 Mark thou the End of both, and thou shalt see
 What's best to choose, Grace, or Iniquity.



Apostate. (you come?)
WE L L met, Good Sir, from whence pray did
Professor.

I am a Stranger, and am trav'ling home.

Apostate.
 Can you a Stranger in this Country be?

Professor.
 Yes, as were all our Fathers formerly.

Apostate.

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Apostate.

But from whence came ye? Let us confer together.

Professor.

From *Egypt*, Sir.

Apostate.

I am trav'ling thither.

Professor.

What is your Bus'ness, Sir, that thus in Pain
You strive against the Wind with Might and Main?
E'er farther you do go, sit down, account ;
See whether that you run for will surmount
The Labour great, and Loss you will sustain,
Before the Prize, in Truth, you do obtain.
What Place is it to which you think to go,
That to advise you I may fully know?
For good Instruction I'll to you afford,
When I this Thing from you have plainly heard.

Professor.

I am for *Canaan* that most holy Land,
I'll travel thither, as God doth command :
And tho' all Things I lose, e'er I come there,
'Twill all my Losses, I am sure, repair :
The Worth of that, therefore, for which I ru
I did account before I first begun.

Apostate.

Know you, for Truth, the Place is then so rare?
You may mistake, for you were never there.

Professor.

Ah! Sir, of it I have a glorious Sight,
Which doth my Soul transcendently delight.
Although in Person there I ne'er have been,
Yet I, most plain, sweet *Canaan* oft have seen.
Besides, I lately spoke with a dear Friend,
Who did the other Day from thence descend,
And unto me its Glory he did shew,
And precious Worth ; from him I came to know.

Some

Some of his Fruits, also, to me he gave,
Which makes me long 'till I Possession have.

Apostate.

Is't not the Fancy of thy crazy Head,
I have, likewise, of such a *Canaan* read :
It may be so, or so it may not be,
It ne'er seem'd real, truly, unto me.
Who would for Things, which so uncertain are,
Such Losses suffer, and such Labour bear ?
A Bird i'th Hand 's worth two i'th Bush, you know,
This Zeal, poor Lad, will work thy Overthrow.

Professor.

You vainly talk, and live by Sight and Sense,
I walk by Faith, which is my Evidence
Of Things not seen here with an outward Eye ;
What thou see'st not, I clearly do espy.
'Tis not the Fancy of a crazy Brain ;
For *Moses*, that its Pleasures he might gain,
All *Egypt's* Treasures quickly did forego ;
Was that the Way unto his Overthrow ?
No, no, dear Sir, he saw it was the Way
To Peace and Honour, in another Day.
True Peace of Conscience, that through Grace I have,
Which passeth all Mens Knowledge to conceive ;
I would not be depriv'd of it again,
If that I might ten thousand Worlds obtain.

Apostate.

Tush, silly Fool, kick Conscience quite away,
Ne'er mind his Motions, nor what he doth say.
I stifled him, and that a good while since,
And took Revenge for his Proud Insolence.
His gasping Groans I no ways did regard,
But let my Heart against him grow so hard,
That now I can, without the least Controul,
Have any Pleasures that delight my Soul.

Professor.

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Professor.

Ah ! Sir, go on, if that's the Choice you make,
I never will such cursed Counsel take :
Whoever doth his Conscience so abuse,
Doth his dear Maker in like Manner use:
And tho' in you poor Conscience now lies slain,
I th' Judgment-Day he will revive again,
And then against you his sad Witness bear,
And in your Face most ghastfully will stare.
You'll have the worst at last, I grieve to see
You harden'd thus in your Iniquity.

Apostate.

My Sorrow's gone, but thine, alas ! will double,
Concerning me, thyself do thou not trouble.
The Storms and blust'ring Winds are over-past,
And very safe I am arriv'd at last
In the same Port where Princes do delight,
For to repose themselves in Day and Night.
I have been tost upon the boist'rous Seas,
And till of late could find no Rest or Ease ;
But you, alas ! with restless Storms are hurl'd,
Whilst I enjoy a very quiet World.
All thy best Days are gone, and plung'd thou'lt be
Into the dismal Gulph of Misery ;
Unless thou dost recant, and stop thy Course,
You'll quickly see all things grow worse and worse.
Those Fools who do their nicer Conscience mind,
E'er long they shall but little Comfort find.

Professor.

Sir, Storms and Tempests do, I know, attend
Those that resolve poor Conscience to befriend :
Paul's Portion was, who from his very Youth
Kept a good Conscience, and obey'd the Truth ;
He met with blust'ring Winds, was tost about,
Yet he did bear for *Canaan* most devout,

Til

Till he, at last, the glorious Voyage made,
 Getting the Crown which ne'er away will fade.
 All those that sail'd this Way, have all along
 Met with great Opposition, and much Wrong,
 From Pyrates, Robbers, and Usurpers, who
 Contrived have the Righteous to undo ;
 This terrifies me not, because that I
 Know 'tis the Way to true Felicity.
 The Gold and precious things the Merchant gains,
 Do quit his Cost, and recompense his Pains.
 So Hopes of Joy, which so Cœlestial are,
 Makes me no Labour, nor no Cost to spare.
 You are for present things ; I farther see,
 You are for Earth, but Heaven is for me.
 You are for Pleasures, and for Bags of Gold,
 I am for that which *Moses* did behold.
 You are for Ease whatever it doth cost,
 And Honour here, though Soul for it be lost.
 My Purpose I'll pursue, whate'er I meet,
 My Portion's great, my Peace no Counterfeit ;
 Heav'n's my Port, there's such a Place I'm sure ;
 Nought shall entice me, or my Soul allure
 To lose my Hold, I'll keep firm in my Station ;
 Though in my Way I meet with Tribulation,
 Yet I most safe shall there at last arrive,
 Nor Men, nor Devils, ever shall deprive
 My Soul of that Eternal Dwelling-Place,
 Such Confidence I have obtain'd through Grace.

Apostate.

If I should grant things which so doubtful are,
 That there's a *Canaan*, or a Heaven, where
 Sweet Joys abound, beyond what's here below ;
 Yet hard it is for any Man to know
 The ready Way unto that seeming Place.
 Consider this, Oh ! 'tis a weighty Case ;

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For there so many Ways and Voices be ;
How thou should'st find the right, I do not see ;
Thou art a Stranger too, thou said'st, be plain ;
Come, come young Man, turn with me back again.

Professor.

Nothing, dear Sir, more certain is, than this,
That there's a Heaven, or eternal Bliss.
The Heathens could, by Nature's Light, espy
Man's chiefest Good, his best Felicity,
Must needs excel the best Enjoyments here :
And shall this doubtful unto those appear,
Who have God's Works most dreadfully made known?
Yea, and his Word, which very few, or none,
Shall such turn Atheists? This is very sad,
Jehovah came from Heaven t'other Day,
And gave Directions how to find the Way,
This Writing's firm, 'tis signed with his Blood,
That the old Dragon, with his mighty Flood
Of Superstition, and persecuting Fire,
Could it not spoil, nor gain his curst Desire.
The holy Scriptures God to us hath given,
To guide our Souls in the right Way to Heaven.
Though Satan has made Opposition strong,
Yet still we have it in our Mother-Tongue :
And by this Means, most plain I come to know,
The very Foot-steps where the Flock doth go.

Apostate.

Though you of Scripture seem to make your Boast,
Your Hopes of this will suddenly be lost ;
For you're not like the Scriptures long to have,
Your Souls and others thus for to deceive,
For Holy Church, once more, will quite destroy
This *English God*, which they seem to enjoy.

Thou

you art unlearn'd, the Scriptures dost not know,
wrestest them to thine own Over-throw.

Professor.

They are unlearn'd, whom God hath never taught;
They have in Popish Darkness up been brought ;
They are unlearn'd, who never had the Spirit,
Who think they can by Works Salvation merit:
They are unlearn'd, who foolishly deny
The Spirit's Teaching, and Authority,
Or to excel all human Arts and Science,
And on no Man's teaching wholly have Reliance :
They are unlearn'd, or very poorly read,
Who teach Christ Jesus is a Piece of Bread,
Which Rats and Mice may eat and vomit up,
And do deny the Laity the Cup:
They are unlearn'd, who think that Purgatory
Can be ought else but a meer feigned Story.
They are unlearn'd, whose Doctrine doth declare
The Church doth on his Shoulders two Heads *Bear*
That Man's unlearn'd, who never learned hath
The *A, B, C*, of the true Christian Faith;
Grant that Man is wholly yet unlearn'd,
Who never knew himself, nor yet discern'd
The cursed Nature of his heinous Sin :
Nor what Estate by Nature he is in .
That Man's unlearn'd, who never went to School
Of Christ, to learn how to become a Fool.
He is unlearn'd ; yea, and a very Sot,
Who hath his Soul, and Jesus Christ forgot ;
And doth esteem Earth's empty Vanity
Above the Good, which Saints in God espy.
I am unlearn'd, and yet have learned how
To crucify the Flesh ; yea, and to bow

To

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To Jesus Christ, and for his precious Sake,
 His Yoke and Burden willingly to take,
 And to extol him, as he is Priest and King,
 And as my Prophet too in ev'ry thing.
 Some things, I must confess, I ne'er could learn,
 Nor any ways perceive, see, or discern.
 I never read of *Peter's* triple Crown,
 Nor that he ever wore a Popish Gown.
 I never learn'd that he did Pope become,
 Or rul'd o'er Kings, like to the Beasts of *Rome*.
 I never learn'd that he had Concubines;
 Or ever Power had to pardon Sins.
 I never learn'd, he granted Dispensations,
 To poison Kings, or Rulers of those Nations,
 Who were prophane, or turned Hereticks,
 Or did refuse the Faith of Catholicks.
 I never read, that he had Chests of Gold,
 Or that great Benefits by him were sold.
 I never read that he's call'd His Holiness,
 Yet had as much as any Pope, I guess.
 I never learn'd, *Peter* did magnify
 Himself above all Gods, or GOD on High;
 Or that upon the Necks of Kings he trod,
 Or ever he in Cloth of Gold was clad.
 I never read, that he made Laws to burn
 Such as were Hereticks, and would not turn
 To Jesus Christ, much less to murder those
 Who did, in truth, Idolatry oppose.
 I never learn'd, nor could do to this day,
 That Pope and *Peter* walk'd both in one Way,
 Yea, or that they in any thing accord,
 Save only, in denying of the Lord:
Peter deny'd him, yet did love him dear;
 The Pope denies him, and doth Hatred bear

him, and to all those that do him love,
 to bear his Image, and are from above.
 deny'd him, and did weep amain,
 hope denies with the greatest Disdain.
 deny'd him, yet for him did die,
 Pope in Malice him doth Crucify.
 deny'd him thrice, and then repented,
 Pope a thousand times, but ne'er relented.
 and John no mighty Scholars were,
 few for Knowledge might with them compare.
 learned Schoolmen put our Lord to Death,
 very few of such Christ called hath.
 poor despised Persons he doth call,
 passeth by the high-flown Cardinal.
 human Learning, and such kind of Preaching,
 nothing to the blessed Spirit's Teaching.
 learning like, and grant that Men may use it,
 would I have them not for to abuse it.

Apostate.

leave off these canting Strains, and don't deride
 Holy Father, for I can't abide
 hear such prating Fools. Are you so wise?
 you the Holy Mother Church despise?
 a Religion I like best of all,
 Pope I do adore, and Cardinal:
 re's Pomp and Richies, and all worldly Glory,
 at you talk of is an unpleasant Story.
 e's Heav'n and Earth, what canst thou more desire?
 of thy God, or any Man require?
 Way thou'st lost, and Canaan wilt not see,
 th Speed therefore turn back again with me.

Professor.

ould I no other Reason give or urge,
 prove Rome's Church untrue, I can't but judge,
 That

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That which you spake doth plainly it declare,
 For in *Christ's Church* no such vain Poms appear,
 No worldly Glory doth *Christ's Church* adorn,
 For she's afflicted, much despis'd, and torn.
 Her Beauty can't with outward Eyes be seen,
 Her Beauty, and her Glory are within.
 When *John* set forth the Antichristian State,
 Much outward Pomp, 'tis true, he doth relate,
 Who at poor *Zion* doth with Envy snarl.
 No Liberty to th' Flesh the Lord doth give,
 Saints must alone after the Spirit live.
 No serving God and Mammon, Sir, 'tis plain,
 You must to Hell, except your're Born again,
 If you'll be *Christ's*, with speed then turn you
 And crucify the Flesh, with all its Lust.
 All those who do God's holy Word contemn,
 No Light, nor Truth, is there at all in them;
 Their Feet on the dark Mountains soon will fall,
 And utter Ruin will o'ertake them all.
 I do not fear, nor have I any Doubt,
 But I shall find this blessed *Canaan* out:
 To turn to *Egypt* with you back again,
 The Thoughts of it my Soul doth much disdain,
 Dost think I'll leave my Quails and Manna rare,
 For stinking Garlick, and base Onions there?
Apostate.

For all your Courage, Sir, I do suppose
 You will repent that ever you have chose
 To leave the Comforts of a precious World,
 And with fond Zeal thus blindly to be hurl'd.
 You are a Man that might advanced be
 Unto great Honour, State, and Dignity;
 Your Father's Master of a great Estate,
 You are also his Son, I hear of late,

If you do not this new Religion leave,
One Groat of him you are not like to have.

Professor.

This World is a just Balance, oft I try,
And find it lighter far than Vanity.
Riches, alas! are only Bags of Cares,
Honours are nought but foul bewitching Snares.
Your outward Joy will turned be to Sadness,
Your Pleasure into Pain, your Wisdom Madness:
You catch at nothing, 'tis at best a Bubble,
Which long you cannot keep, altho' you double
Your Diligence, and think to hold it fast,
'Twill fly with Speed. 'Tis but an empty Blast.
This World's a Strumpet, like of whom I've read,
Who with sweet Fumes enticeth to her Bed;
With amorous Glances promises a Bliss,
And hides Destruction with a feigned Kiss.
She hugs the Soul she hates, yea, and does prove
A very Judas where she feigns to love.
Take heed therefore, lest you be catch'd i'th' Snare,
And buy your late Repentance much too dear.
The Comforts here, which you do precious call,
Each wise Man sees are vain, and fleeting all;
To think I should repent, no Cause is there,
If Things by you consider'd rightly were.
What *Moses* chose of old, the same do I,
All vain Allurements I do quite defy.
I knew, when first my Journey I did take,
I must my Father's House learn to forsake;
In *Abraham's* steps I am resolv'd to go,
Whatever I exposed am unto.
An Heir to be unto some great Estate,
Or Son unto some mighty Potentate,

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Is nought to what by Grace I'm born unto,
My Portion great, I know not how to show;
I'm Heir unto that mighty King of Heaven,
E'er long to me a *Canaan* will be given.
I do resolve to hold out to the End,
Altho' I ha'nt one Great, or earthly Friend.

Apostate.

What Ground have you, my Friend, for to believe?
If you forsake all things, shall you receive
This Land you speak of for your own Possession,
Unto your Heart 'tis good to put the Question;
For many unto great things do lay claim,
Yet some oft-times I see, and sure I am,
Unto such Lands can no good Title show,
Altho' they strive for them, as you may do;
If you should sell whate'er you have for this,
And yet, at last, should also of it miss;
You'll see yourself at length then quite undone;
Consider on't, and back with me return.
To save my own, I thought 'twas best for me,
Unless of this I could assured be.

Professor.

Don't think you shall my Zeal for Heaven cool,
Nor my dear Soul with Fancies thus befooled.
Rouze up, my Soul, now in thy own Defence,
And shew thy clear, thy precious Evidence.
Can any thing be plainer here on Earth?
For me 'twas purchas'd by Christ Jesus's Death.
The Father doth his Kingdom own, and he
For his own Child hath late adopted me.

Apostate.

How do you know you be his Child? in this
You may mistake, and so may *Canaan* miss.

Professor.

Professor.

My late Conversion doth most plainly prove
My inward Birth is truly from above.
The Truth and Conscience both agree in one;
I am, thro' Grace, no Bastard, but a Son;
Besides all this, since I did first believe,
An Earnest of this Land I did receive:
And divers Promises also there be,
VVhich bind it firmly over unto me.
Is not my Title unto Heaven good,
VVhen sign'd and sealed to me by Christ's Blood?
You see by these I have a certain Ground,
And good Assurance for God's Kingdom found.
But you, as it appears, do quite despair,
VVithout all Hopes of ever coming there.

Apostate.

Nay, stay a little, don't affirm that neither,
VVhy may not I as soon as you get thither?
Tho' in that VVay in which I late did walk,
I was deceiv'd with many other Folk;
And thought that Heaven was entail'd on those;
VVho did the Pope and Church of Rome oppose;
Thinking a Man a Separate must be
From the same Church, or else could never see,
Find or enjoy Felicity or Rest,
And therefore, I, like others, did protest
Against that ancient Mother-Church, whom now
I am resolv'd to own, yea, and to bow
Down unto her, with all humble Subjection;
Thinking it best, for Safety and Protection:
Resolving never more to vex my Mind,
As I have done, for I shall sooner find
In this smooth VVay Assurance to Salvation,
Than if I had kept in my former Station.

122 *A Dialogue between an old Apostate,*

And that *Rome's* Church can plead Antiquity,
No *Protestant*, I'm sure, can it deny.

Yea, and must grant, whatever's their Profession,
That none but *Rome* can prove their true Succession
From those brave Churches which first planted were
By the Apostles, as their Acts declare.

And therefore, Youth, you — no longer boast
Of Faith and Confidence, for you have lost
Your Way to Heaven, and must therefore look
Upon that Church which long hath been forsook,
For though Corruption in the Church there be,
Yet all should walk in Uniformity.

Professor.

Sir, I deny your Church's Constitution,
Which makes me loathe you; and for your Pollution,
Corruption, and vile Spots, they are so bad,
No Church of Christ the like hath ever had :
Which I resolve fully to make appear,
Before I leave you, if you please to hear.

Apostate.

Rome's Church was rightly gather'd, that's most clear;
St. Paul, himself, to this doth Witness bear ;
Faith and Repentance truly did they own,
And were baptized in due Form, 'tis known.
No Church in Constitution right has been,
If that our Church doth fail the least herein.

Professor.

Rome's Church, I grant, 'was true i'th' Apostles Days,
But your's from that doth differ many ways.
From the true Faith she hath departed quite,
And the true Church was forc'd to take her Flight
Into the dark and howling Wilderness,
Where she lay in sore and great Distress.
If *Rome's* Church now were like unto the Old,
Then with the *Romanists* we all would hold.

But

But when she is become Christ's Enemy,
God out of *Babylon* doth bid us fly.
If you can prove *Rome's* Church hath not declin'd
From that Church-State by *Paul* himself defin'd,
You will then undertake for to do more,
Than any Papist ever did before.
God once the Jewish Church did own, and love :
But for their Sins he did it quite remove
Out of his Sight; they 're broken for their Sin;
With other Churches that have famous been,
And yet to keep some outward Form or Show
Of Worship and Church-State, as *Rome* may do,
Who has, in truth, nought else, save a brave Name,
As hath been clearly prov'd by Men of Fame.
If you should bring your Visibility,
To prove your Church is true, I do reply,
A better Argument I need not bring,
To prove you false, than that same very Thing :
For the true Church, being hid, did not appear
A thousand two hundred and sixty Year.
And then, whereas you in the second place
Mention Antiquity, 'tis a clear Case,
Your Church is under Age, 'tis much too young,
Out of the Apostasy, alas ! she sprung;
A Bastard Church, base Born, meer National,
And therefore, that's for you no Proof at all :
The fleshly Seed i'th' Church must not be brought ; I
John Baptist and our Saviour both so taught :
Christ's Church is gather'd by Regeneration,
And not as 'twas i'th' former Dispensation,
You in a lineal way do go about
To take in those whom Jesus hath shut out.
The Axe is now laid to the Root o'th' Tree,
And ev'ry one true Penitent must be.

124 *A Dialogue between an old Apostate,*

Your Church is not so gather'd, therefore I
 Deny your Church, and its Antiquity :
 VVhich is supported by the carnal Sword,
 And not by the true Power of God's VVord,
 Is very false. And that *Rome's* Church is so,
 Not a few worthy Authors plainly show ;
 The Counsel which an ancient Author gave,
 Let every Soul with special Care receive.
He that would holy live, from Rome be packing,
There's all Things else, but Godliness is lacking.
 She also doth most dev'lish Doctrines hold,
 According as the Apostles have foretold ;
 In charging People to abstain from Meat,
 Which freely God alloweth us to eat ;
 And in denying Persons for to Wed,
 Tho' God admits the undefiled Bed.
 By Means of these most cursed Prohibitions,
 Your Clergy stink alive with gross Pollutions.
 And many other filthy Popes of *Rome*
 Have *Sodomites* and Buggerers become :
 Most cursed Stews allowed are by them,
 Whom none i'th' Popedom dare i'th least condemn ;
 Vile Necromancers many of them were,
 Haters of God ; no Sin, in Truth, is there,
 But some proud Popes of it have guilty been,
 As may upon Record be daily seen.
 Is this your holy Head, and rev'rend Father,
 Next unto Christ supreme ? Is he not rather
 A Devil Incarnate, the worst of Mankind ?
 Who can in Hell a viler Sinner find ?
 Is *Rome* Christ's Church, his Spouse, his only Love,
 His undefiled one, his spotless Dove ?
 Sir, don't mistake, she is that scarlet Whore,
 Whom *John* Characterised heretofore.

Which

Which I shall soon evince, and make appear,
If you, with Patience, will but lend an Ear.

Apostate.

I find you in Reproaches free enough,
But shan't expect you so too in your Proof:
Those common Epithets of Beast, and Whore,
Are daily flung at ev'ry Body's Door:
But for to warrant your severer Doom,
Prove that they properly belong to *Rome*.

Professor.

That *Truth* God's holy VVord doth well explain,
That City, which o'er Kings was us'd to Reign,
Was that same Whore, the Spirit clear doth show,
And that *Rome* was that City, all Men know;
VVho then, above all others, bore the Sway?
'Twas *Rome* the Nations fear'd, and did obey.
And still, you *Papists*, to her Bishops give
Headship o'er all, who on the Earth do live;
Before him Kings and Emperors must submit,
So that he may a mighty Monarch sit,
The second Character of *Babylon*,
His Pomp, and State, wherein is proudly shown,
That *Rome* has been a rich, gay, costly VVhore,
England once found, I wish we may no more
Infinite Sums she almost squeez'd from hence,
For Pardons, Obijts, Annates, and *Peter Pence*:
And through each Land, where she her Triumphs led,
VVhole Swarms of Locusts, *Priests* and *Fryars* were
These, as the Janizaries to the Turk, *(spread:*
VVere faithful Slaves still to promote the VVork.
VVhilst to maintain these Drones, she swept away
The Fat and VVealth of Nations for their Prey.
In the third Place, She doth Men's Souls enslave,
This Mark in *Rome* most evident we have.

126 *A Dialogue between an old Apostate,*

With dangerous Vows, unwarranted Traditions,
Implicit Faith, a thousand Superstitions;
Pretended Miracles, apparent Lyes,
Damnable Errors, and such Fopperies.
She clogs the Conscience, and to make all well,
Boasts all her Dictates are infallible.
This can of none but *Rome* be understood,
That drunken Whore, who reels in Martyrs Blood,
As I more plainly now shall make appear,
And then with Patience your Excuses hear.
Within the Compass of five hundred Years,
Has been presented to the Eyes and Ears
Of future Ages, the most sad Contents
Of bloody Tragedies, and dire Events
Of dreadful Wars in several Generations,
And Overthrow of many fruitful Nations.
Jernsalem, that City of Renown,
Sack'd by *Vespasian*, burnt and broken down,
It was indeed a dreadful Desolation;
And so have Conqu'rors dealt with many a Nation.
All Conqu'rors ever found a Time to cease,
When once they Conqu'ed, then they were at Peace.
They Murder'd none but such as would not yield
To own them for their Lord, and in the Field.
But this vile Strumpet's Blood-bedabbled Hands,
Finds not a Period, never countermands
Her cruel Rage, her Murders know no End,
She Slaughters when she Pity does pretend.
Murders in time of Peace her Neighbours, when
They thought themselves the most secure of Men,
One might fill Volumes with her bloody Story,
In which she still persists, and makes her Glory,
T invent strange Torments, to deprive the Breath
Of Christians by a tedious lingring Death,

The

The brutish *Nero*, first of Tyrant-Kings,
From whose base Root nine other Tyrants springs.
Whose most inhuman Acts, not to their Glory,
Did leave the World a lamentable Story:
And to their lasting and eternal Shame,
Did purchase to themselves that hateful Name
Of bloody Monsters, in the Shape of Men,
Whose cruel Deeds deserve an Iron Pen,
That might perpetuate to After-times,
These Heathens Cruelty: Record the Crimes
For which those Christians willingly laid down
Their earthly Houses, for a Heavenly Crown.
Reflect a while, Sir, and but cast an Eye
First on those Heathen Emperors Cruelty,
Then view the bloody Papists, and compare
Their Cruelties together, and as far
As *Egypt's* Darkness did exceed our Light,
Or Midnight differs from the Morning bright;
So far the Papist's Cruelty doth exceed
The worst of Heathen Tyrants, and indeed
If *Cyprian* and *Eusebius* Words be true,
Yearly these persecuting Emp'ors slew
Millions of Souls, shedding their guiltless Blood;
Which ran like mighty VVaters from a Flood.
The Things wherein these Christians did offend,
VWere only these, they did refuse to bend
Their Heav'n devoted Knees, or fall before
Those Idol Gods, those Emperors did adore.
One God they did believe created all;
They did believe in Christ, and down did fall
Prostrate upon the Earth, and daily bring
Sacrifice only to that heavenly King.
Their Emperors Gods those Christians did deride,
This was the Cause so many Millions dy'd.

128 *A Dialogue between an old Apostate,*

These Emperors thinking themselves engag'd
Their Idols to defend, grew more enrag'd,
Seeing the *Christians* boldly to despise
Their Gods, and honour Christ before their Eyes.
We thus may plainly see a Reason why
Heathenish Emp'ors us'd such Cruelty.

'Twas not because they worship'd not aright,
But worship'd not at all; but in despite
Unto those Idols, whom they Gods did call,
Affirming that they were no Gods at all.

A Deed not to be born by Flesh and Blood,
To have the Edicts of their Gods withstood:

Yet in the midst of all those Tyrants Rage,
Serious Advice, a little would assuage
Their hellish Fury, and would sometime cease,
To give the *Christians* a breathing Space:
But when as those ten Emp'ors ceas'd to be,
Then terminated all their Cruelty.

And now the heathen Emp'ors do as much adore
The God of Heav'n and Earth, as they before
Had done their Idols, and zealous for the Church,
Give great Donations, make their Bishops rich,
And now proud *Rome*, since *Constantine* the Great,
Thou by Degrees hast taken up thy Seat,
Pufft up with Riches, swollen with filthy Pride,
From God's pure Laws are quickly turn'd aside;
As God doth hate, and utterly refuse,

And now such Bishops only do st thou chuse.
Proud, sensual, void of the godly Spirit,
Such as the Lord hath said shall not inherit
Eternal Glory, such thy Bishops be,
Who should be fill'd with Truth and Purity:
Shining like Light before the Flocks, that they
The better may discern the perfect Way.

But now, instead of such as these, behold,
They are presumptuous, proud, imperious, bold,
Changing the VVorship that the Lord made known,
And in its stead will introduce their own.
Yea, so presumptuous are they in their Pride,
As to affirm, God's Holy VVord's no Guide
For Men to walk by; the only Rules that they
Do counsel them, nay force them to obey,
Is their Traditions, which they hold to be
Far more Authentick than our Lord's Decree.
And now these *Christians* whose most tender Heart
Durst not believe them, fearing to depart
From God's Directions, which in his blest VVord
He hath so plainly left upon Record;
These are the Men this wicked Strumpet hath
So often made the Object of her VVrath:
O may the Blood-drunk Earth ne'er cease to cry
Unto the Heaven-enthroned Majesty:
'Till God take Vengeance, as he did on *Cain*,
For all the righteous *Abels* he hath slain!
Not for denying, but honouring the Lord,
Yea, for believing that his sacred VVord
Is the most perfect, and most truest Guide;
The Rules by which all Doctrines shall be try'd:
Our blessed Lord bids search them; for (saith he)
They are the Words that testify of Me.
Lo, here's the Cause, behold the Reason why
The Whore has acted so much Cruelty.
Inhuman Murders doth this Whore invent,
Whereby she daily slays the Innocent:
Perfidious *Rome*, whose most inhuman Wrath
Passing the Limits of a Christian Faith,
Within the Space of eight and twenty Days,
Thy bloody Hand most treach'rously betrays

130 *A Dialogue between an old Apostate,*

Ten thousand Souls, and to that bloody Score
 Adds quickly after twenty thousand more.
 How many Murders more that Popish Nation
 Hath done, the *Roman Histories* make Relation;
 And yet from Cruelty *Rome* has not ceas'd,
 And as her Years, her Murders has increas'd,
 And swoln to bigger Numbers, in less Space,
 As *Bellarmino* attesteth to his Face :
 Who thus attests, that from the Morning Light,
 Until the sable Curtains of the Night
 Were closely drawn, her bloody Hands did slay
 An hundred thousand Souls : O! let that Day
 In Characters of Blood recorded be,
 That they remain unto Eternity.
 O! let the Earth, that drinketh in the Rain,
 That did receive the Blood of all the Slain,
 Let both the Heavens and the Earth implore
 The God of Heaven to confound the Whore.
 O! poor *Bohemia* ! thou hast had a Taste,
 When wicked *Julian* laid thy Country waste,
 Burning thy Towns and Villages with Fire,
 Sparing not Young, nor Old, nor Son, nor Sire.
 Thou found'st the Wolfish Popes, in ev'ry Age,
 Contrive thy Ruin, many times engage
 Thy Neighb'ring Nations to shed forth thy Blood,
 Only because faithful *Bohemia* stood
 For God's pure Church, *Martin* the Sixth excites
Emperors, Kings, Dukes, Barons, Earls, and Knights.
 With one Consent to fall upon the Nation,
 On no less Terms than on their own Salvation;
 Unto the vilest Sinner that e're stood
 Upon the Earth, that would but shed the Blood
 Only of one *Bohemian*. O Rage !
 Not to be parallel'd in any Age,

Except

Except that Monster ; who did so rebuke
The over-charitable Popish Duke
Of *de Alva* ; and would you know his Crime,
It was because that he in six Years Time
With too much Lenity caused not the Earth
More Christians Blood to drink, than issu'd forth
From Eighteen thousand Souls ; for this, the Duke
Was thought by Papists worthy a Rebuke.
Is Eighteen thousand in six Years so few,
In the Account of your Blood-thirsty Crew,
Inhumanly to Murder ? Yes, Indeed,
Because their former Numbers did exceed.
But if the Duke of *Alva's* Bloody Bill
Came short in Numbers, yet his Hand did fill
It up with Torments, dreadful to rehearse,
As that the very Thoughts thereof would pierce
A marble Heart, make Infidels relent,
Torments that none but Devils could invent.
But if all this was over little, still
His Predecessors added to the Bill :
For, from the Time that hellish Inquisition
Did from the Devil first receive Commission,
As well approved History doth relate,
'Till thirty Years expired had their Date,
By cruel Torments, which they still retain,
One hundred fifty thousand there were slain ;
Depriving them, as far as in them lay,
Of all the Joys that either Night or Day
Affords Mankind ; for them there was not found
So much Sun-Light, as to uphold the Ground.
If noisome Creatures bred, and foster'd there,
Those very Creatures their Companions were.
What Food they eat, was only to secure
Their Souls alive, so that they might endure

132 *A Dialogue between an old Apostate,*

The many Torments that they did provide,
And so one hundred fifty Thousand dy'd :
Thus may I sooner spend my Strength and Tears,
And tire, if you regard, your Eyes and Ears,
Than give a full, and absolute Relation
Of all the Acts of *Rome's* Abomination.
Oh, may my native Country rather hear
Their bloody Acts, than in the least part bear
Her Burden, or behold her murd'ring Hand,
Once more spread thro' the Confines of our Land.
But I perceive these Truths are dully heard,
And that you little my Discourse regard.

Apostate.

Yes, yes, I hear, and smile, what Tragedies
You make of lawful, just Severities.
The Martyrs you applaud, were Rebels too,
And still against Authority would go;
If then they suffer'd, pray who is to blame?

Professor.

Already I have shown that, to their Shame.
And I will have my Countrymen to take
Another Taste, to keep them still awake.
Let not the Strumpet's sugar'd Words persuade
You to give Credit to her, that's her Trade,
Like wicked *Cain*, first of that sinful Race,
Who slew his Brother, smiling in his Face.
From the first Time that e'er the hellish Rage
Of Jesuits appeared on the Stage;
Nine hundred Thousand Souls, or thereabout,
E'er many Years had run their Hours out,
Of the *Americans*, by Popish *Spain*,
In fifty Year were fifteen Millions slain.
The poor, religious *Waldenses*, whose Eye,
Like the quick sighted Vultur doth espy

Rome's

Rome's filthy Whoredoms, readily to disclaim
 Her vile Idolatry, and hate the same:
 Drunk dreadful Draughts of Rome's most bloody Cup,
 Which was with hell-bred Fury poured up;
 And yet, as if she had not been content
 To murder Parents, with their Innocent,
 Fourscore sweet Babes, that never did offend,
 Famish'd to Death, their harmless Lives did end;
 Search, search into the deep Abyss of Hell,
 And see if all the Dev'ls can parallel
 So vile an Act. O most imperious Treason,
 Against the King of Kings, and Law of Reason.
 Are Papists Christians, and are these their Acts,
 To punish such as ne'er committed Facts?
 Are these right Actings, fitting Gospel-Times,
 To lay on Babes the Weight of highest Crimes?
 Did Christ do so? Or hath he ever given
 Them Leave to do so with the Heirs of Heaven?
 Those murder'd Souls under the Altar lie,
 Crying, *How long, eternal Majesty?*
How long wilt be, e'er thou avenge thy Saints,
And lend an Ear unto their sad Complaints?
 These Waldenses being overcome, and dead,
 A little Remnant that escaped, fled;
 Taught by Dame Nature's Moral Laws, to save
 Their much desired Lives; within a Cave
 Did hide themselves. hoping at last, that they,
 Taking Advantage of another Day,
 Might be transported to another Land,
 And so escape out of the Hunter's Hand:
 But as the Hounds do hunt the wearied Hart
 With nimble Steps; and never will depart
 The Fields, or Meadows, or the silent Wood,
 Till they surprize the Beast, even those Blood-

Devour

134 *A Dialogue between an old Apostate,*

Devouring Monsters having found the Cave,
Most barbarously did make that Place their Grave,
Wherein four hundred yielding up their Breath,
Were in a barbarous Manner choak'd to Death.
What Part of *Europe* now can make her Boast,
And say they have not tasted, to their Cost,
Of *Romish Mercy*? Some are yet alive,
Whose Parents felt the Death she did contrive.

O *Germany*! thy poor distress'd Estate,
Will speak to future Ages, and relate
Whole Volumes of her bloody Murders, and
The murder'd Souls of bleeding *Ireland*,



Those dreadful Murders have the Eyes and Ears
Of some now living heard, and seen the Tears
Of Soul-afflicted Parents, whose sad Eyes
Beheld their murder'd Babes, and heard their Cries;
Their Daughters Ravish'd, and when that was done,
Cruelly murder'd, and the hopeful Son

By

By unheard Torments slain before their Eyes;
Whilst they beheld their Childrens Miseries:
Their Children-murder'd, and their Wives defil'd,
Whose Bodies they ript up when great with Child;
And all this while Parents and Husbands were
Forc'd to behold what Flesh and Blood can't bear:
Ripping up Women great with Child's not all,
For that, although inhumane, was but small,
Compar'd with other Torments they endur'd,
Whose Patience bore what else could not be cur'd.
We see how they have dealt with ev'ry Nation;
And shall we think, at last, to find Compassion?
The Tears that ran from dying Infants Eyes,
Like plentiful Showers from the weeping Skies;
Whose great Abundance might have made a River,
Yet all those Floods of British Tears could never
Enter a Papist's Heart, so hard condens'd;
So void of Pity, and all Human Sense:
To hear the doleful Shrieks, and dying Groans
Of poor distressed Babes, who make their Moans
Unto their Parents before they depart,
These are the Things delight a Papist's Heart.
To see the dying Gasps before the Death
Of tortur'd Souls, whose Life-forsaken Breath
Had waited many a tedious Hour past,
When their tormented Souls should breathe their last:
Whose doleful Sighings penetrate the Skies,
Such Objects do delight a Papist's Eyes.
And can we, now at least, expect to find
Rome is grown merciful, and Papists kind?
No, no, we cannot do't, if we but fix
Our serious Thoughts upon late Sixty Six.
When *London* was consum'd, that famous City;
In Ruin did bespeak them void of Pity.

136 *A Dialogue between an old Apostate,*
 By Rome's Contrivance was fair London burnt,
 England's Metropolis to Ashes turn'd.
 The Merchants of their Riches quite bereft,
 Rich Men to Day, to Morrow nothing left,
 Their Wives and Children harbourless became,
 Their Substance all consum'd in the Flame;



The doleful Shreeks, the lamentable Cries,
 And Floods of Tears, that ran from weeping Eyes,
 As true Resemblances, did represent
 The Sorrows that our Neighbours underwent.
 And can we think that such Hell-bottom'd Rage,
 That did provoke so many to engage
 In such an Act far worse than Powder-Treason;
 Can we suppose, if we consult with Reason,
 The Fury of their hellish Rage expir'd,
 So soon as e'er that famous Place was fir'd?
 No, no, good Sir, your Pardon I presume,
 Those Hell-enraged Flames that did consume
 So fair a City in so short a Space,
 Hell gave those Flames Commission down to raze
 Not London only, but ev'ry Soul that hath
 A Heart resolved to maintain the Faith

OF JESUS, Protestants both great and small,
Rome hath determin'd their eternal Fall.
And those more formal Protestants, whose Zeal
May secretly perswade them to conceal
Their seeming Faith, and feignedly to close
With *Rome's* erroneous Doctrines, and suppose
Thereby to save their Lives; let none believe
Such vain Persuasives, many did deceive
Themselves for *Rome*, that painted scarlet Whore
Will deal with them, as such hath done before,
With such as hoped in the self-same kind
Mercy to meet with, but nought less do find.
Christ never gave unto his Church Commission
For to make Laws, for grievous Persecution.
No outward Force were they i'th' least to use,
Much less poor Innocents for to abuse.
The holy Saints, and People of the Lord,
Their only Weapon was God's sacred Word:
With that blest Word they always overcome,
And did refute all Hereticks; but *Rome*
Makes Use, 'tis plain, with carnal Sword and Fire;
It's Blood, it's Blood, this Locust doth desire:
Death without Mercy, Acts of Cruelty,
The Matter must decide continually.
What Massacres hath she contrived by Night,
When Nature doth to Rest each Man invite?
When Sleep hath shut their Eyes, no Thought of Harms
Did them possess, but in their folded Arms
Their Wives and Children lay, in Hopes that they
Thro' Grace might live to see another Day.
Then came these murd'ring Butchers sent from Hell,
Nothing but Blood would their vile Rage repel.
If these Church-dealings will not work Contrition,
She can erect a bloody Inquisition;
A dreadful Place of Cruelty and Blood,
Whose Torments scarcely can be understood;

138 *A Dialogue between an old Apostate,*

A loathsome Dungeon, and vile stinking Cell,
 A Place of Darkness representing Hell,
 Where nothing is so plentiful as Tears,
 And bitter Sighs, and yet can find no Ears,
 To hear their Cries and lamentable Moans,
 Nor Hearts to pity them for all their Groans ;
 Where many tedious Days and Nights they spend,
 Not knowing when their Sufferings will have end.
 If such like Arguments, Sir, will confute
 A Heretick, the Papists may dispute
 With all the World; nay, Heathen *Rome* could never
 Come nigh a *Papist* with their best Endeavour.
 Oh ! it is *Rome* that is that Scarlet Whore,
 Which thus doth hate and persecute the Poor,
 And all which are unto the Truth inclin'd,
 To serve the Lord with a most perfect Mind.
 Upon her Hand also *S. John* did see,
 Was writ the cursed Name of Blasphemy ;
 Setting herself in God's Imperial Throne,
 Saying, *I am, besides me there is none.*
I have the Keys of Heaven in my Hand ;
Both Earth and Hell are at my sole Command.
I shut and open unto whom I please,
I Torments give to some, to others Ease.
 Lo, thus God's sacred Word doth paint her forth ;
 And this is she, there's none in all the Earth
 Did ever make adventure to lay Claim
 To that presumptuous and blasphemous Name,
 As Kings of Heaven, Earth, and Hell, but she ;
 Therefore, *Rome's Church* must the vile Strumpet be.

Apostate.

Sir, speak no more, forbear your scandalous Lyes,
 Our holy Church such murd'rous Acts defies.
 Do not believe all Stories that you hear,
 'Tis hard for you to make these Things appear.

Professor.

Professor.

These Things are not, *Sir*, in a Corner done,
 Besides, I never yet have heard of one
 That is for you, or standeth on your Side,
 VVho by just Proof ever this Thing deny'd:
 Besides, 'twas late some of these Cruelties,
 Murder and Blood, and barb'rous Tragedies
 VVere done and acted, some alive now be,
 VVho with their Eyes these Villanies did see.
 About the Year, dear *Sir*, of fifty five,
Rome did a bloody Massacre contrive
 Near unto *France*, the Dukedom of *Savoy*,
 VVhere thirty thousand Souls she did destroy,
 VVho were commanded, without all Delays,
 Papists to turn, and that within three Days;
 VVho for refusing, were then presently
 Put unto Death with barbarous Cruelty.
 Some with sharp Spears thrust thro' the privy Parts,
 Whilst others stabbed were unto their Hearts.
 Some Babes they cut in Pieces, others roasted,
 And some upon the Tops of Spears they tossed;
 Virgins were ravished, Widows and Wives
 Were barbarously deprived of their Lives.
 Two hundred thousand *Protestants*, or more,
 Were massacred by this vile Bloody Whore.
 In *Ireland*, there's many now alive,
 Who saw what kinds of Deaths they did contrive,
 By which, some of their dear Relations then
 Were tortur'd by those bloody cruel Men.
 How can you, *Sir*, these Things i' th' least deny,
 Which are so obvious to ev'ry Eye?

Apostate.

Youth, 'tis the Faith of *Roman Catholiks*,
 Thus far to deal with all vile Hereticks.

Yet

140 *A Dialogue between an old Apostate,*

Yet 'twas Rebellion too, say what you will.
For which the Church did many Thousands kill.
To Magistrates they disobedient were,
And therefore they just Punishment did bear.

Professor.

Peter and John they Rebels were also,
By the same Argument which use you do.
To Magistrates they did refuse to bend,
Wherein they knew they should the Lord offend :
In Civil Things they also did submit,
And preach'd also, it was a Thing most fit,
In Things which unto Man do appertain,
But Christ o'er Conscience ought alone to reign :
Ev'n so these Martyrs bear an upright Mind
Unto their Prince, and ever were inclin'd
In all just Things obedient for to be,
Yed did stand up for Christ his Sov'reignty ;
And were resolv'd, in Matters of their Faith ;
To worship God as holy Scripture saith ;
And tho' your Church doth put the Poor to Death ;
It's from the Devil such curst Laws came forth.
Tares with the Wheat shall grow unto the End,
Until God's pleas'd the Reapers for to send.
It was from Satan, I don't doubt i'th' least,
For he did give unto this bloody Beast
His Pow'r and Seat, and his Authority,
For to effect all curst Villany.

Apostate.

They were some Evil Persons, without doubt,
Who crept into the Church, that workt about
Such murd'rous Deeds the Church doth not allow,
But utterly against them doth avow.

Professor.

The silly Pope, and evil Cardinal,
With Bishops Monks, and Fryars, you so call,

With fiery Jesuits, for to be brief,
In all these murd'rous Acts these were the Chief.
False Pardons, Bulls, and cursed Dispensations,
From bloody *Rome*, has ruin'd many Nations:
We know now clearly how to bring our Charge,
As I could show, but that I can't enlarge.

Apostate.

I know not how, *Sir*, farther to excuse
The Holy Church, you put me in a Muse;
But she's more kind, and gentle grown of late,
And doth such Cruelties defy and hate.

Professor.

Rome to a Wolf may fitly be compar'd,
Who whilst against his Will is quite debarr'd
From seeing of his Prey, being ty'd in Chains,
Seems very peaceable, though he remains
A Wolf in Nature still, if ever he
At any Rate can get his Liberty:
So *Rome* seems kind and gentle, until she
Can find again an Opportunity;
Which with unwearied Pains, and often Trial,
She ever seeks, and hardly takes Denial:
Which if she once obtains, she will not stay
From shedding Blood, one Minute of a Day.

Apostate.

It's a vain Thing with you for to contend,
And therefore, I had rather make an End;
It's out of Love I speak, to have you leave
Your evil Errors, speedily to cleave
Unto that Church which only can decide
All Controversies, even to divide
The Truth from Error, Light from Darkness, so
That every one the ready Way may go.

But

142. *A Dialogue between an old Apostate,*

But Youth, consider once again, I pray,
The Troubles of a new approaching Day:
For sore Amazements will you overtake,
Unless you do your Purposes forsake.
If once our Church the Day obtains, be sure,
You Hereticks must down, and rise no more.
Let former Strokes of Justice take such Place,
As for to move you wisely to embrace
Such Counsel, which in tender Love I give,
And you in Safety evermore may live :
Or you'll repent that ever you begun
Such dangerous Ways of Heresy to run.
It's a dark, doleful, dangerous Pace you go,
Recant therefore, as many others do.

Professor.

You may mistake, sometimes the Waters flow,
Yet, on a sudden, I observe them low.
A *Haman* may maliciously devise
Poor *Mordecai*, and others to surprize ;
Yet may his Purposes meet with a Blast,
And he, himself, be hanged too at last.
Such Ways to *Papists* wholly are untrod,
And unto all who Haters are of God.
Such Ways seem dark to you, untrod, uneven,
Hard to the Flesh, yet 'tis the Way to Heaven;
I've a sure Hand to lead my trembling Paces,
And scape the Danger of those dreadful Places:
I shall pass safe by Means of my blest Guide,
Tho' thousands fall by me on ev'ry side.
For to run back would prove a doleful Fault,
I think upon the Monument of Salt.
I am resolv'd a thousand Deaths to die,
Before I'll ever yield to Popery.

Apostate

Apostate.

Thou art too strict, too righteous, and precise,
Thou slight'st such Things as prudent Men do prize :
Thou may'st have Christ, Pleasures, and Honour too,
And saved be without half this ado.

Alas ! there's very few are of your Mind,
Who unto *Rome* are not at all inclin'd.

Professor.

You do condemn me for a holy Life,
VVherein, 'tis true, I meet with Straits and Strife ;
But when, dear *Sir*, you come at length to die,
You'll blame yourself, and me you'll justify.

Did ever any on a dying Bed
Lament that they were by God's Spirit led,
To crucify their Sins, and undertake
All Things to leave, for the Lord Jesus sake ?

If Righteous ones, alas ! scarce saved are,
It greatly doth behove me to take Care

In Holiness to walk, whate'er you say,
I from the Paths of Life will never stray.

The Way I know is rough, 'tis hard and strait,
And leads me also through a thorny Gate ;

VVhose scratching Pricks are very sharp and fell,
The Way to Heaven is by the Gates of Hell.

Your VVay, it's true, seems very plain and wide.
Since you from Christ have turned quite aside.

My Paths seem long, your's short, and very fair,
Free from all Rubs and Snares ; *Sir*, beware,

The safest Path is not always most even,
The Way to Hell's like to a seeming Heaven.

Or shall the promis'd Crown of endless Life
Be judg'd a Trifle, and not worth a Strife ;

And shall I then be startled with a Frown,
VVhen full assur'd of an eternal Crown ?

The

144 *A Dialogue between an old Apostate,*

The Strife which doth an holy Life attend,
Will recompensed be, I'm sure, i'th' End,
I will go on, since Jesus doth invite me,
His Strength is mine, and nothing shall affright me:
Apostate.

I do perceive you are resolv'd to run,
In your strict Ways, until you are undone :
Yet hear a little, what I have to speak,
And you will find it's best for you to take
Such Connsel as I give ; for you'll espy
Great Ruin fall upon you suddenly.
Your Father will not own you for his Son,
If in this foolish Strictness you go on ;
His Face expect hereafter not to see,
If this your Purpose, and your Pleasure be.

Professor. resolution
If Father, Mother, and dear Brethren too
For sake me quite, yet still well I do know
My precious Saviour will my Soul embrace,
And I shall see sweet Smiles of his dear Face :
Myself, and my Relations, altho' dear,
I do deny ; such is the Love I bear
My dearest Lord, whose Servant now am I,
And do resolve to be until I die.
Come Life, come Death, for Canaan I'll endeavour,
It is my Home, and Resting-place for ever.
Better it is that earthly Friends abuse me,
Than that Christ Jesus should at last refuse me:
I'd rather bear my Father's Wrath and Ire,
Than to be cast into eternal Fire.

Apostate.

Fie, fie, young Man, forbear, and take Advice,
Let not hot Zeal thy Fancy thus entice.
For to refuse those pleasant Things which you
May here enjoy, as many others do :

'Tis much too soon for thee to mind such Things,
For nought but Grief and Dotage from it springs:
'Twill dull thy Wit, and make thee like a Drone,
And thou'lt be slighted too by every one.
How might'st thou live at Ease, and Pleasure find,
If once these Ways thou would'st resolve to mind?
And spend thy Days in Pleasure sweet and rare.
I prithee Youth, consider, O take care,
And cheer thy Heart, behold now in thy Sight
What earthly Joys most sweetly do invite.

Professor.

Young, it is true, I am, and in my Prime,
And do resolve for to improve my Time.
Shall Satan have the Prime of my Days,
And put off Christ, with base and vile Delays,
Untill Old Age, and then, at last present
My Dregs of Time to Him? I'll not consent
To such vile Thoughts, I will not lend an Ear,
I to my Saviour more Affection bear.
More precious Joy I find in my dear Lord,
Than all this World doth, yea, or can afford.
If I am slighted for Christ Jesus sake,
And judg'd a Fool, or Drone, yet I can take
All for him, who for me hath undergone
More Shame than this, before his Work was done.
Now is my chusing Time, I have made Choice,
God's Word I will obey, and hear his Voice.
Your Counsel I abhor: Shall lustful Fire
Be kindl'd in my Breast? Shall my Desire
Run out again to *Aegypt's* cursed Stuff,
I know 'tis nought, of it I have enough.

Apostate.

Alas! the Journey's long, you'll wearied be,
And faint before that Kingdom you do see.

G

Professor.

146 *A Dialogue between an old Apostate,
Professor.*

Nay, Sir, be silent, that is false, for I
By Faith the Land most clearly do espy.
But is the Journey long? Blame me no more,
Betimes i'th' Morning I set out therefore.
Why did'st thou say it was too soon for me
For to set out, if long the Journey be?
I do resolve, in Youth, with Speed to strive,
Lest I too late at last should there arrive.
Whilst 'trenchth and Youth do last, I'll bend my Mind
To travel hard, because I clearly find,
Old Age and Limbs are quickly out of Case
To go a Journey, and to run a Race.
Alas! when Night is ready to come in,
That's not a Time this Journey to begin.
When Sun, and Moon, and Stars all dark'ned be;
And Clouds return, that we no Light can see;
When Rain and Tempest do most fore appear,
And th' Keepers of the House all trembling are:
When the strong Men themselves are forc'd to bow,
And Grinders cease also, because that now
They are but few, and ready to fall out;
And those thro' Windows, which do look about,
Are become dim, nay dark'ned, without Light;
The Doors too in the Street are shut up quite.
When Fears increase, in Thoughts of what's not high,
Fears in the Way, and Fears for what is nigh:
When flourish shall the Almond-Tree also,
The Grasshopper shall be a Burden too:
When loosed is the precious Silver Cord,
And Golden Bowl is broken, as we've heard:
When the weak Pitcher's at the Fountain broke,
And the Wheel at th' Cistern with a heavy Stroke:
When Desire fails, and there, alas! is none,
What will such do who han't this Race begun?

Be-

Besides, 'tis clear, my Days uncertain be,
 Old Age, alas! I may not live to see.
 It doth concern me then with all my Power,
 For to improve each Day, yea, ev'ry Hour:
 For Days to come, I see, may not be mine,
 My Time I'll spend, not as thou spendest thine:
 My Weights I'll cast away, this Race to run;
 Stand still I must not, nor with thee return:
 I must provide me Oyl, get Grace in store,
 For, e'er a while, I shall be seen no more
 This Side the Grave; I hast, therefore, to meet
 The glorious Judge, at the great Judgment-Seat:
 I must be swift, make haste like to the Sun,
 Lest that My Work's to do, when Time is done!

Apostate.

To you, young Man, I have declared much
 Of the sad Danger, but your Zeal is such,
 Nought that I say, with you takes any Place;
 You don't believe me, that's the very Case.
 But what's the Reason, Youth, so many Folk
 Decline those Paths in which you seem to walk?
 Were Ways of your strict Holiness so sweet,
 They, in this sort, would never back retreat?
 I did resolve, with others, for to try,
 And find you all deceived utterly:
 Your whole Religion's nought but meer Conceit;
 Let none therefore thy Soul with Fancies cheat.
 Some there be daily do your Ways forsake,
 Be thou advis'd, and other Counsel take.

Professor.

If thousands fall away, it is no more
 Than what the Scripture shews was heretofore.
 Thousands of Old from *Agypt* did adventure,
 And yet but two of them did *Canaan* enter.

148 *A Dialogue between an old Apostate,*

They never had of Christ a saving Taste,
 Who quite away their seeming Hopes do cast.
 But what of this? Shall I my Lord deny,
 Because that you some Hypocrites espy?
 Those who do murmur in the Wilderness,
 The Land of Promise never shall possess.
 But if they will the precious Lord revoke,
 Shall I from thence, resolve to slip the Yoke;
 Because they don't the glorious Lord believe,
 Shall *Caleb* think the Land he can't receive?
 Because so many walk i'th' Way to Hell,
 Shall I conclude that Heaven don't excel
 The vain Enjoyments of an evil World?
 Or, shall with Fancies thus along be hurld!
 Because that *Judas* did for thirty Pence
 Sell his dear Lord, shall I conclude from thence
Peter a Fool, who priz'd his Saviour so,
 Who, for his Sake, all Things would undergo!
 If Mariners, unskill'd in Navigation,
 Are split on Rocks; shall all then in the Nation,
 Who have that curious Art, resolve therefore
 Never to use the Art of Sailing more?
 Because the Sluggard sees the Winds to blow,
 The Rain descending, with cold Hail and Snow,
 He doth give o'er, says, he no longer will
 Remain i'th' Field, his barren Land to till;
 Shall faithful Husbandmen, from the like Ground,
 Who have oft-times by good Experience found,
 Without they Sow, no Harvest they can have,
 Resolve their painful Labours quite to leave?
 He that won't plow, because o'th' Snow and Rain,
 Shall beg at Harvest, and shall not obtain:
 So in like sort, to mind my present Case,
 Cause Persons void of God's true saving Grace
 Apostatize,

Apostatize, as you yourself have done,
Must I to th' Devil with you headlong run?
'Cause some Professors secretly do love
Some base Corruptions, doth this therefore prove
There's none sincere for God on all the Earth,
VWhose Souls experience do the second Birth;
I, for my part, through Grace have this to say,
I never shall, nor can I fall away:
All those whom God hath unto Jesus given,
They never can be dispossest'd of Heaven:
The Promise of Eternal Life is theirs,
And they, like *Isaac*, even so are Heirs,
VWho could not miss, nor dispossest be,
Unless Gods VVord's made a meer Nullity:
God's Covenant also with Christ doth stand,
Who can supply our Wants on ev'ry Hand:
Sin shall not reign, such is our happy Case,
We are not under th' Law, but under Grace.
This Covenant is not like to the Old,
We of a surer Person now have hold.
Our Credit's nothing worth, our Surety
Is in our Room, our VVants he must supply:
Besides all this, I'll hint another Thing,
Which to my Soul doth much Refreshment bring;
He that's the Author of my Faith I spy,
Will quickly finish it assuredly.
He that in me has this good Work begun,
Will perfect it also, e're he has done.
Within God's Saints Eternal Life doth dwell;
This would remove the Doubt, consider'd well.
Those unto whom Eternal Life is given,
How can it be that they should miss of Heaven?
And now to obviate, 'tis my Intent,
Sir, if you please, to show one Argument:

150 *A Dialogue between an old Apostate,*

If the New Creature in the Soul of Men
Is of God's Spirit born, I argue then,
The same in Nature it must surely be,
Which cannot Death, or like Mutation see,
But that 'tis of God's Spirit born, is clear,
As *John* the Third doth make most plain appear.
The Seed also doth in their Soul remain,
They cannot sin to Death, who're born again.
God's Fear, moreover, is so in their Heart,
That they from him shall never more depart.
Thus is my Standing very firm and sure,
And to the End I know I shall endure.
And as for those who fall away and die,
I shall discover clearly by and by,
What kind of Men and Women they are all,
Which will hold forth the Cause too of their Fall.

Apostate.

Most confident I do perceive you are,
Daunted at nothing, yet pray let me hear
Those Persons Names, which you did lastly meet,
Who finally resolved to retreat,
And leave those Parts which you seem to commend,
Come, speak to this, and he will make an End.

Professor.

Sir, unto me it doth most plain appear,
As if they Cowards and Faint-Hearted were;
And in them all doth reign some cursed Evil,
Which makes them to conform unto the Devil.

Apostate.

As you suppose, but pray Youth have a Care,
For they sincere and sober People are:
And I do question whether yea, or nay,
Thou dost them know, what further hast to say?

Professor

Professor.

I told you, Sir, I knew them very well,
 And since you urge me, I resolve to tell
 What kind of Folk they are, and also shall
 Their Names discover unto great and small;
 Master *Fearful* was one that I did see,
 With him was goodly *Sensuality*;
 With my Dame *Misbelief*, and Goodman *Outside*.
 Who turn'd from Christ as soon as they were try'd.
 One *Unbelief*, a very wicked Man,
 Turn him out of his way there's no one can.
 Besides them, also there's one *Earthly Heart*,
 Nothing he loves so well as Plow and Cart:
 Also there's *Esau Faint-Heart*, most Prophane,
 Who sells his Birth-right Pottage to obtain;
 With *Belly God*, a Man whom I do find,
 Flesh Pots and Onions he doth chiefly mind.
 There's Mistress *Discontent* too with the rest,
 That would have nought but what she liked best:
 Master *Hot-Love soon Cold* also was there;
 Lately for Zeal few with him could compare:
 There's *Ishmael Legal Heart* in Truth also,
 For when Troubles arise, he straight will go.
 And Master *Balaam*, who doth Jesus leave,
 The Wages of Unrighteousness to have.
 Some People also I have lately met,
 That were with Sin most easily beset.
 A Gentleman I also did behold,
 His Trade was Great, and store he had of Gold,
 He's going back, with Sorrow, I do know,
 Because he can't have Christ and the World too:
 One Master *Atheist*, that I think's his Name,
 To clear yourself, deny it if you can.

152 *A Dialogue between an old Apostate,*

No marvel you do play the Devil's Part,
 In lab'ring thus for to deceive my Heart,
 And blind mine Eyes, if that thou knewest how,
 Thou'dst make me like thy self; and therefore now
 I am resolved with thee to engage,
 Who striv'd to stop me in my Pilgrimage.
 Some Stones I think to fetch out of God's Book,
 Tho' like *Goliath* you do seem to look,
 Yet in his Name whom you so much defy,
 I shall prevail against you by and by.
 I thought, I must confess, some Years ago,
 I should not in the least been stop't by you;
 Or that I should have met with Opposition:
 From such a Foe. to add to my Affliction:
 But since this is my sad unhappy Fate,
 I'll add a Line or two to vindicate
 The dreadful God, so far as lies in me,
 I'll vindicate that glorious Deity;
 Who in my Soul his Image so has set,
 That I his glorious Being can't forget:
 Shall he who form'd both Heaven and the Earth,
 From whom I have my precious Life and Birth,
 Be trod upon, nay, utterly deny'd?
 What then can such a sinful Wretch abide;
 VVho strives at once, if that you could it do,
 The Life of all Religion to o'erthrow?
 Hast thou got ought to speak? And wilt thou enter
 On the Debate? Yea, durst thou to adventure
 To open thy Mouth, i'th' least, for to defend
 Those Thoughts of thine, which clearly do ascend
 From Hell beneath? Thou'lt prove thyself thereby,
 The Devil's Friend, *Jehovah's* Enemy.

Apostate.

Apostate.

You childish Lad, do'st think I am afraid
 For to declare myself; or am dismay'd
 By silly Dreams, and Fancies, which affright
 Those Simple ones, who dare not wake at Night;
 VVho startle at a Shadow which they see,
 And think the Devil's near when 'tis a Tree?
 And since I do perceive you understand
 VVhat my Opinion is, I do demand,
 How you can prove, and fully make appear,
 There is a God, for none at all I fear.
 No God nor Devil I at all believe,
 Nor is there any Heaven, to receive
 The Souls of holy Men, when they do die;
 Nor is there any Hell of Misery
 For Sinners after Death, as you conceit;
 All is nought else but a religious Cheat.

Professor.

Dare you your Maker thus with Impudence
 Deny and tread upon, such Insolence
 What Soul can bear? What Age can shew the like!
 Where so much Light hath been? Shall Mortals strike
 At the great God, and glorious Deity?
 Whose dreadful Being, and Existency
 The Heathen did find out, and greatly fear,
 His God-Head did to me most plain appear
 By the Creation: Man, as in a Glass,
 May there behold who his Creator was.
 It's Time to arm myself, and look about,
 When by an *Atheist* I am challeng'd out;
 If once I should unto an *Atheist* yield,
 And treacherously always quit the Field,
 The strongest Rule of Truth betray should I
 Into the Hands of its worst Enemy;

And

154. *A Dialogue between an old Apostate,*

And should unman myself of *Christian* too,
And my dear Soul of Reason overthrow :
I should debase myself, should I deny
My Noble Birth from the great Deity.
Man's chiefest Glory springs from's supreme Head,
In his Descent from him who made, and bred,
And brought him forth, and doth his Life maintain;
From hence Man doth his chiefest Honour gain.
It's Power Divine that Man doth Greaten thus,
As to Create him King of the Universe.
For Man to say, he came by Hap or Chance,
As 'tis a Piece of wilful Ignorance ;
Himself also he doth depose thereby,
From his own Honour, and rare Dignity ;
And vile Contempt upon himself doth bring,
As well as Dirt upon that Essence fling,
Who form'd his Soul, and gave to him his Breath,
Making him Ruler here to all the Earth.
You do demand, how I can make appear
There is a God ; attend, and now give Ear,
Weigh well my Arguments and Reason sound,
And let not Satan more your Soul confound,
And Reason quite destroy, as he has done,
Lest to the Devil you do head-long run.

Apostate.

Before you do proceed, this You must know,
If you a God do think to prove, or show ;
Be sure of this, Young Man, it must not be
By Scripture Proofs, for its Authority
I do deny, and cannot it believe,
You never shall that Way my Heart deceive ;
The Knowledge which you Supernat'ral call,
Is a meer Cheat, I mind it not at all.

Professor.

Professor.

Though supernat'ral Knowledge you despise,
 Counting God's holy Word to be but Lyes,
 I briefly shall stand up in its Defence,
 And shew your Pride and cursed Insolence ;
 That all may love God's Word, prize it, and see
 Its Worth and Weight, and its Authority
 To be Divine, and by *Jeheva* given,
 To lead poor Souls in the right Way to Heaven.
 One Thing of you i'th' first place I demand,
 Pray let me know, and fully understand,
 When this supposed Cheat did first commence,
 And in what Part o'th' World bring Evidence.
Egypt stands mute, saith, it commenc'd not there,
 Nor did the *Jews* invent it, that's as clear.
 Ask all the Heathens too, in every Age,
 If their Philosophers brought it on th' Stage.
 If you can find it out, and bring't to Light,
 Or else confess your Darkness worse than Night.
 It's strange that such an universal Cheat
 Should be thus put upon the World, and yet
 No one can see who did the same devise,
 Nor how, nor when the same at first did rise ;
 Since all the VWorld stands silent, and is mute,
 This might a Period put to the Dispute.
 But, Secondly, I argue once again,
 There's none of them who do so much disdain
 The Holy Scriptures, who just Proofs could bring
 To shew i'th' least they were a forged Thing :
 If none can them disprove, O then, say I,
 VVhat Ground have you the Scriptures to deny ?
 The Scriptures also, I observe, have been
 Strangely preserved, by a Power unseen,

156 *A Dialogue between an old Apostate,*

In ev'ry Age kept both in Word and Sense
 From secret Fraud, and open Violence.
 The beastly Clergy of the Church of *Rome*,
 Through whose Hand unto us the Scriptures come,
 Be guilty of most vile Abomination,
 As ever was committed in a Nation;
 They say the Pope himself may change the Laws
 Of th' Holy Gospel, as himself sees Cause;
 And make the Sense of Scriptures to agree
 VVith Times and Place, as he most fit doth see.
 How free those sacrilegious Monsters were
 (Had God admitted) to extinguish clear
 The Holy Scriptures, and put out their Light,
 And fill'd the World with an eternal Night?
 But we may see, altho' it made its VVay
 Thorough those muddy Channels, yet have they
 Been still kept pure, and still remain a Law,
 To keep most Men, but bloody Popes in Awe:
 Now if against so many Enemies,
 VVho us'd all Means the Devil could devise
 T'obliterate this Soul-informing Word,
 It was preserv'd, but not by humane Sword:
 How dare you, Sir, presume for to deny
 Its Blessed, and Divine Authority?
 Another Ground of Reason I shall urge,
 Proving God's VVord Divine, as I do judge.
 'Tis taken from that Influence they have
 Upon their Hearts whom God intends to save;
 It turns them from the cursed VVay of Sin,
 VVhich once they loved, and delighted in.
 It brings them out of Darkness into Light,
 Yea, and discovers Jesus to their Sight.
 The glorious Power which God did afford
 Always to those who stood up in his VVord,

Most

Most clearly shews, methinks, to ev'ry Eye,
 The Scripture's true, and their Authority
 To be Divine, whatever you may say,
 I cannot give this Argument away.
 How have they been supported in the Flames?
 Which, as it did perpetuate their Names,
 So God thereby did stir up Ten for One,
 To stand up for his VVord when they were gone.
 VVould'st thou an Instance have, I could give two;
 And ten Times twenty more, if that would do:
 But if I should, I'm sure I should transgress,
 And over-charge the Appendix and the Press:
 And therefore I will add one Reason more,
 To prove God's VVord Divine, and so give o'er.
 How has the Scripture made the *Atheist* quake,
 And all his Limbs with dreadful Horror shake!
 VVhen on a Death-Bed they have come to lie,
 Their Conscience waking in their Face did fly:
 Tho in their Health they did it much despise,
 And did affirm it was made up with Lyes:
 Yet has it made them howl, at last, and cry,
 VVe are undone to all Eternity.
 It was like to the VVriting on the VVall,
 VVhich did foretel Prophane *Belsazzar's* Fall:
 VVhich was so terrible, yea, and so strange,
 It wrought amongst them a most sudden Change.
 Their Mirth and jollity doth earnestly desire
 To hear it read, nought then would serve his Turn
 But an Interpreter; his Heart did burn,
 His trembling Knees beat one against another,
 As if his Joints were loosed from each other,
 So those who won't confess *Jehovah's* Name
 Are forced to own him to their utter Shame,

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And those that will not of God's VVord allow,
By Conscience are oblig'd to stoop thereto.
Now, if the Scriptures cannot be gain-said,
Methinks each Soul should be exceeding 'fraid
How they condemn that glorious Deity,
Whom they so clearly shew and magnify.
But to leave this a little, and descend
Unto Man's Reason, which you so commend :
How many Heathens did alone thereby
Find out, dear Sir, God's glorious Majesty ?
If you your Reason did but exercise,
From Atheism, doubtless, you might rise.

Apostate.

Among the Heathen, Youth, were Men of Fame,
Who for their Skill in Nature, had the Name
Above all others, which did quite deny
There was a God, or such a Deity.

Professor.

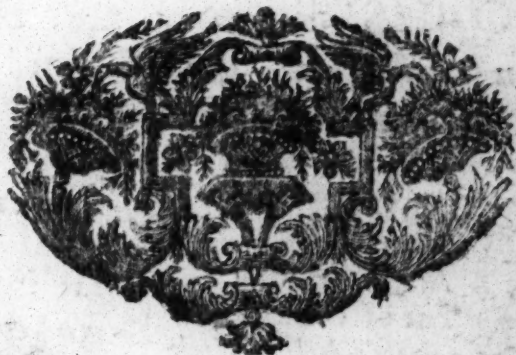
Your *Epicurus*, and old *Aristotle*,
With *Theodorus*, *Bion*, and the Rabble
Of such like Atheists, I must grant to you,
Deny'd there was a God, as Stories shew.
Philosophy is good, but Men abuse it,
If they do like those Heathen Authors use it.
God doth sometimes Men's Reasons darken quite,
For not improving of the Means of Light.
But tho' these natural Sots could not espy,
By all their Skill, the Eternal Deity ;
Yet many thousand Heathens, I may show,
By Nature's Light alone did come to know
There was a God ; they searched so about
Into his Works, they found his God-head out ;

or when they gave themselves up seriously
 to study Nature's Books, and come to pry
 into the Cause of all Things here on Earth,
 and their Effects, did clearly see the Birth,
 the first Original of every Thing,
 from such an Essence to descend, or spring;
 the very Novices in Nature's School
 may soon convince that Man to be a Fool,
 who the Creator's Glory can't discern,
 the Being of that dreadful Sovereign,
 who did them form and make, for ev'ry where
 his glorious God-head they do all declare.
 Had I but Time, I could some Pages fill,
 to shew to you how that Man's Reason will
 teach him there is a God; for if he mind
 the Nature of his Soul, this he might find.
 Man's Soul is like a Spring, or like to Fire,
 resteth not aloft, but doth aspire:
 and unto *Noah's Dove* I'll it compare;
 God is the Ark, Soul's Rest alone is there.
 The Flesh dams up the Spring, quenches Desire,
 keeps out o'th' Ark to which it would retire.
 But to conclude, this no Man can disown,
 God by his Judgements daily is made known.
 What sad Examples daily do we hear,
 Of Wrath and Vengeance almost every where?
 Some Drunkards and Blasphemers struck down dead.
 And others with strange Judgments tortured.
 Ah! Cry to God, if peradventure he
 may give you Grace, whereby your Soul may see
 your heinous Sin, that so you may repent,
 and turn to God, before your Days are spent,

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Apostate.

I must confess I know not what to say,
If there's a God, then cursed be the Day
That ever I was born; for I do know,
He never unto me will Mercy show.
I now resolve to open my Condition,
Tho' all's in vain; for there is no Contrition
Will do me good, I utterly am lost,
For I have sinn'd against the Holy Ghost:
O that there was no God! for then should
Be like the Beast whene're I come to die.
No Rest nor Comfort ever shall I find;
Curs'd be the Day that ever I declin'd
From these good Ways in which, dear Youth, you go,
Or ever I did God or Jesus know:
For if I had not known them, it is clear,
My Sins would not so heinous now appear.
O! That I were in Hell, for then should I
Soon see the Worst of my Extremity!
Thou shalt, dear Youth, for ever happy be,
For thou art chosen from Eternity
To be an Heir of that eternal Bliss;
But I, alas! am pain'd, What Wo is this?
For Satan, with his glist'ring Golden Ball,
Hath me deceiv'd; and now I see my Fall
It is so bad, no Tongue can it express,
My woful Pain is quite Remediless.
The Checks of Conscience I did greatly slight,
And loved Darkness, greatly hated Light:
Yea, and of God I never lov'd to hear,
Though I of him had Hints oft-times most clear:
And now will he my Soul to pieces tear
And make me his eternal Vengeance bear.

Let all Backsliders of me Warning take,
Before they fall into the Stygian Lake;
Yea, and return, and make with God their Peace,
Before the Days of Grace and Mercy cease;
For mine are past for ever. O! condole
My sad Estate and miserable Soul.
My Days will quickly end, and I must lie
Broiling in Flames to all Eternity.



F I N I S.



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